

Price 25 Cents.

# PUCK



Every test proves uniformly excellent reputation of this popular French Tonic.



"VIN MARIANI" is perfect; gives health, drives away the blues.  
**VICTORIEN SARDOU.**



I am well convinced of the excellence and quality of "VIN MARIANI."  
**HENRY IRVING.**



"VIN MARIANI" brightens and increases all our faculties.  
**BARTHOLDI.**



"VIN MARIANI," the Elixir of Life, gives vigor, health and energy.  
**EMILE ZOLA.**



I owe to "VIN MARIANI" a constitution of iron, which resists all fatigues.  
**RHEA.**



"VIN MARIANI" is certainly a great help to voice and system.  
**MRS. KENDAL.**



"VIN MARIANI" has been the most wonderful tonic for me; it is unequalled.  
**FANNY DAVENPORT.**



"VIN MARIANI" is the most effective, at same time pleasant tonic.  
**ADA REHAN.**



When fatigued, no remedy can be so thoroughly relied upon as "VIN MARIANI."  
**ITALO CAMPANINI.**



When fatigued, a small glassful of "VIN MARIANI" works wonders.  
**RICHARD MANSFIELD.**



"VIN MARIANI" is of greatest value as a tonic; I always use it.  
**E. H. SOTHERN.**



For brain-workers and when expending nervous force, "VIN MARIANI" is invaluable.  
**JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.**

Recommended everywhere by the Medical Profession during past 30 years. — We hold over 7000 written indorsements from leading physicians.

**VIN MARIANI**  
(MARIANI WINE)  
THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

For all fatigues of Body and Brain, "VIN MARIANI" is pronounced the most Reliable, Effective and Agreeable Tonic Stimulant.

Nourishes, Fortifies, Refreshes, Strengthens the Entire System.

**SENT FREE** to all who mention this Journal, **75** Portraits and Autographs of Celebrities, testifying to excellence of "VIN MARIANI."  
**75 PORTRAITS.** Ask for "VIN MARIANI" at Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

To avoid disappointments accept no substitutions.

PARIS: 41 Boulevard Haussmann.  
LONDON: 239 Oxford Street.  
MONTREAL: 28 Hospital Street.

**MARIANI & CO.,** 52 West 15th Street, New York.



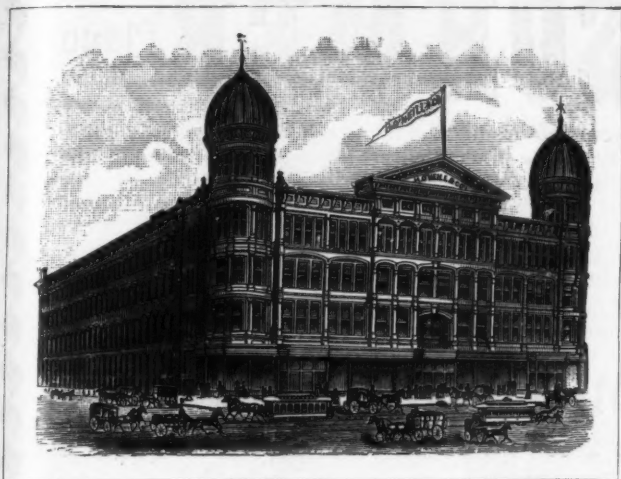
Sixth Avenue,  
20th to 21st Street,  
NEW YORK.

# O'NEILL'S

Sixth Avenue,  
20th to 21st Street,  
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— IMPORTERS and RETAILERS —

## FINE MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,



CHINA, GLASSWARE,  
HOUSE - FURNISHING GOODS,  
GROCERIES, ETC.

### -CHRISTMAS GIFTS- USEFUL and ORNAMENTAL.

Our Assortment of Holiday Goods for this Season is finer by far than any previous year. It comprises everything useful or ornamental to be found in this or European markets.

Our Collection of  
BRONZES, ONYX TABLES and CABINETS, LAMPS,  
BISQUE, ROYAL WORCESTER,

AUSTRIAN WARE and OTHER POTTERIES, CAN NOT BE SURPASSED.

**LOWEST PRICES.** Largest Stock of Dolls in New York City. **LOWEST PRICES.**

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SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

H. O'NEILL & CO., SIXTH AVENUE, 20th to 21st Street, NEW YORK.

## MUTUAL RESERVE



MUTUAL RESERVE BUILDING.

"FOUNDED UPON A ROCK."

## FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION.

HOME OFFICE:

Cor. Broadway and Duane St., New York.

### \$35,000,000 SAVED IN PREMIUMS.

The total cost for the past 13 years, for \$10,000 of insurance in the MUTUAL RESERVE, amounts to less than Old System Companies charge for \$4,500 at ordinary life rates — a saving, in premiums, which is equal to a cash dividend of nearly 60 per cent.

1881 THE ELOQUENCE OF RESULTS 1894

NO. OF POLICIES IN FORCE over -	-	-	-	85,000
Interest Income annually exceeds -	-	-	-	\$130,000
Bi-monthly Income exceeds -	-	-	-	\$750,000
RESERVE Emergency Fund -	-	-	-	\$3,725,500
Death Claims Paid over, -	-	-	-	\$20,000,000
New Business, January to November, 1894, -	-	-	-	\$63,112,000
New Business in 1893, over -	-	-	-	\$64,000,000
INSURANCE IN FORCE exceeds	-	-	-	\$280,000,000

EXCELLENT POSITIONS OPEN in its Agency Department in every City, Town and State, to experienced and successful business men, who will find the Mutual Reserve the very best Association they can work for. Correspondence with the Home Office invited.

E. B. HARPER, President.



Ladies and Gentlemen  
+ SMOKE +  
ATESHIAN  
**Turkish Cigarrets**



The cigarret smoked by His Imperial Majesty Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey. Made from absolutely pure Turkish tobacco. No opium — non-narcotic.  
**PURE — DELICIOUS — HARMLESS.**  
For sale by all leading clubs and dealers, or send 25c. for box of samples, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**Ateshian Cigarret & Tobacco Co. CHICAGO.**  
Constantinople, Yenidje, Cairo. — Boston, New York, San Francisco.

**A PUNISHMENT THAT FAILED.**



MR. LIPSNER. — Now, yo' Nicodemus, I'se gwine punish yo' fo' kickin' me dis maw'nin' when my back was turned.

THE CAT has nine lives, but no agent has tried to sell them yet.

Christmas headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer. Trial bottle 10c.

NO MAN is a hero (for any length of time) to his office-boy.

OF TWO evils, some people do their best to choose both.

A CHEW,  
To CHEW.  
A SMOKE  
To SMOKE.



NO NERVES  
QUAKING.  
NO HEART  
PALPITATING.  
NO DYSPEPTIC  
ACHING.

**MAIL POUCH TOBACCO**



**DO YOUR OWN PRINTING**  
Presses for printing cards, circulars, &c. to factory. Free for printing. KRISTY & CO. a small paper 240. Meriden, Connecticut.

**FREE!** A Solid Gold Filled American Hunting Case Elgin Style Watch and a Set of Silverware, FREE. We want your trial order for 100 of our full sized 4 1/2 in. HAVANA PERFECTOS STRAIGHT TEN CENT CIGARS. To introduce this brand we will send you, FREE a 14Kt. Solid Gold filled Elgin style Hunting case Watch, and a handsomely lined case containing 6 knives and 6 forks, hand-engraved, guaranteed by Sterling Silver Plate Co. We will send Watch, Silverware and 100 Cigars in one package, to any part of the United States, C. O. D. \$9.50. Remember we don't send a cheap open face watch. We positively affirm that we send a hunting case, elegantly engraved, full jeweled, gold filled watch with a 20 year guarantee, as handsome as any solid gold watch; either ladies' or gents' size. When you see it you will say that we are correct in making this statement. The Watch and Silverware, if bought at retail, would cost you \$25 to \$30 alone. It costs you nothing — why? Simply because we are strictly in the Cigar business and are the largest Cigar Dealers in America, and make you this offer solely to introduce our brand. You have nothing to risk and all to gain, therefore order. Cut this out, return it to us with your full name and address and we will immediately express you the Cigars, Watch and Silverware for examination. After examining everything, if satisfactory, pay the agent \$9.50 for all; otherwise don't pay. Instead of the silverware you can have a Five Shooter .32 or .38 calibre double action Smith & Wesson Cartridge Revolver. Address in full, RIVERSIDE CIGAR CO., Dept. J, No. 175 Greenwich St., N. Y.

**CANDY**  
Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St. Chicago.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

We respectfully call the attention of our agents, and the music-loving public in general, to the fact that certain parties are manufacturing and have placed upon the market a cheap Piano, bearing a name so similar to our own (with a slight difference in spelling) that the purchaser may be led to believe that he is purchasing a genuine

Piano **SOHMER** Piano

We deem it our duty to those who have been favorably impressed with the fine quality and high reputation of the "SOHMER PIANO" to warn them against the possibility of an imposition by unscrupulous dealers or agents. Every genuine "SOHMER PIANO" has the following Trade-Mark stamped upon the sounding board.



**SOHMER & CO.,**  
149-155 East 14th Street,  
NEW YORK.

**HIS THREAT.**

MAMA. — It is no use; she is determined to marry him.

PAPA. — Very well; tell her that I will support them in the style to which he has been accustomed.

**CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.**



**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere. "Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency" — World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.



MR. LIPSNER. — Now, yo' git nuffin to eat fo' two days, and yo' hab dem cats rite af' yo' eyes all de time. I did n't read 'bout dat inkersation in dat Fox's Book ob Martyrs fo' nuffin. I did n't.

**FOUR DAYS TO CALIFORNIA**

In a luxurious train of Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars. The "SUNSET LIMITED" is the name of the New Train which the Southern Pacific Company will run between New Orleans and San Francisco once a week during the coming Winter. The equipment and time unsurpassed by any route. Through tickets to all points in Texas, Mexico, California, China, Japan and Australia. For further particulars apply to No. 343 Broadway, or No. 1 Battery Place (Washington Building), N. Y.

**BUSINESS MEN** who use our new method of keeping accounts save from one to two hours daily. They are never caught by customers without a bill ready for them. Write THE SIMPLE ACCT FILE CO. 11 Whittelsey St., Fremont, O.

**EIY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD**  
PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

**OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT**  
OF THE  
**AWARD ON GILLOTT'S PENS**  
AT THE  
**CHICAGO EXPOSITION.**

**AWARD:** "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER, Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.



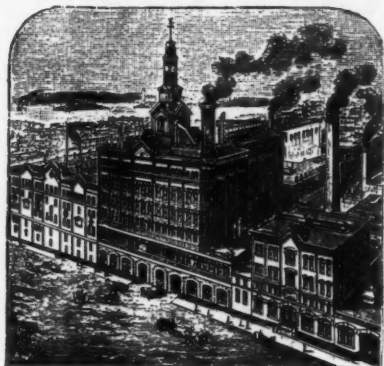
NICODEMUS. — That's downright cruelty to animals; and I'm weak fer want of food already.

When he rises with the "shakes" Bromo-Seltzer is what he takes.

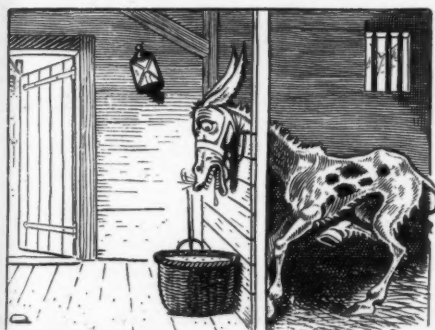
**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.



# GEORGE EHRET'S HELL GATE BREWERY,



92d to 93d Streets,  
Between 2d and 3d Avenues,  
NEW YORK.



NICODEMUS.—Ha! Ha! Ha! Sometimes niggers ain't got no more sense than mules have, only more so.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

You may as well distill dew as improve nature's delicious draught—

**Londonderry Lithia**  
Still or Sparkling...  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
LONDONDERRY LITHIA—  
SPRING WATER CO.  
MASSACHUSETTS.

GETTING ALONG SLOWLY.

MRS. DIX.—Have you met the people yet who have moved in next door?

MRS. HICKS.—N—No; I don't even know yet how much rent they pay.

No Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

## Buttermilk Toilet Soap



Exceeds any 25-cent Toilet Soap made, but is sold for **TEN CENTS**  
Read the Figures of its Forward Footsteps:

Total Number Cakes Sold, 1891, 486,000  
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1892, 1,152,700  
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1893, 2,312,400  
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1894, 3,535,900  
(Up to October 1.)

Made at the Largest Exclusive Toilet Soap Factory in the world; the latest improved machinery; the most skillful workman; and **Most Important**, only the best and purest materials used.  
For Sale Everywhere, at home and abroad. If your dealer does not keep it, send 2-cent stamps for a full-size cake by mail.  
**COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.,**  
Salesrooms—185, 187 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

A FRIEND in need is a friend who is dodged.



## KALAMAZOO Duplicate Whist.

For Home Amusement and Instruction in the game of Whist the

Kalamazoo Method is unequalled. For Whist Players it makes an appropriate **CHRISTMAS GIFT.**

Ask your Dealer for the game or write us.  
**INGLING BROS. & EVERARD,**  
Whist and Duplicate Whist Rules and Whist Etiquette as adopted by the 4th American Whist Congress sent to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp. Kalamazoo, Mich.



NICODEMUS.—When der Creator gave a mule his feet He meant him to use them.

MOSQUITOS BITE easily, but it is awfully hard to catch them.

## CALIFORNIA

Everybody Goes With Phillips,

And his fourteen years of experience in handling California Excursions is a guarantee that the Phillips-Rock Island Excursions are the best.

Tourist Cars, with upholstered seats, running on fast trains, under the personal guidance of a Phillips manager. Insure a quick and pleasant trip. Sleeping Car rate to California points from Boston \$8.00 from Chicago \$6.00. Car leaves Boston Tuesdays and Chicago Thursdays, via Scenic Route (D. & R. G.), the only line through Salt Lake to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

For rates, berth reservations or information, address

A. Phillips & Co., 296 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
A. Phillips & Co., 15 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
A. Phillips & Co., 239 Broadway, N. Y. City, N. Y.  
A. Phillips & Co., 111 S. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
A. Phillips & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

**JNO. SEBASTIAN,**  
G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

## Holiday Headaches Promptly Cured by **Bromo-Seltzer**



### KOMBI

## \$3.50

The Kombi is a small pocket magazine camera, which takes 25 pictures without reloading. Size, 1 3/4 x 2 1/2 inches. Weight, 4 oz. Not a toy, but a practical, perfected camera. Indestructible. Nothing to get out of order. Takes as fine a picture as any camera made.



**Any Boy or Girl can Use it.**  
Makes a picture this size 3 1/2" Round, square, or fancy shape. Carry in pocket. Every instrument guaranteed. Cost of developing film (25 pictures), 15 cts. Cost of printing, 1 cent for each picture. If not for sale by your dealer, the KOMBI will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price. Illustrated Booklet Free.

**ALFRED C. KEMPER, Sole Mfr., 208 Lake St., Chicago.**

## INSIST on having **POZZONI'S** MEDICATED **COMPLEXION POWDER**

and do not let your dealer sell you any other. Pozzoni's is absolutely pure and contains no white lead or other injurious ingredients.

**IT IS SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

CHARITY COVERS a multitude of sins;  
Justice uncovers them.

"Shape up" from holiday drinking  
With Bromo-Seltzer—roc. a bottle.



NICODEMUS.—Dese 'ere oats is the finest I ever tasted.

A LONG head is a great help in preventing a long face.

PUT a beggar on horseback and he'll run into debt.

**BENEDICT'S TIME**

★ **DIAMONDS and WATCHES** ★

A SPECIALTY.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Watches, Diamonds, Chains,  
Rich Jewelry and Silverware.

**"THE BENEDICT"**

Is our patent Sleeve and Collar Button, strong, durable and easy to adjust. In Gold and Silver.

**BENEDICT BROTHERS,**  
Keepers of the City Time, BENEDICT B'LDG.  
171 Broadway, NEW YORK.  
Cor. Cortlandt St. ESTABLISHED 1821.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

You can leave Grand Central Station, the very center of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in a magnificently-equipped train,

Via the New York Central,  
The Great Four-Track Trunk Line.

Trains depart from and arrive at Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the East and West, by the New York Central Lines.

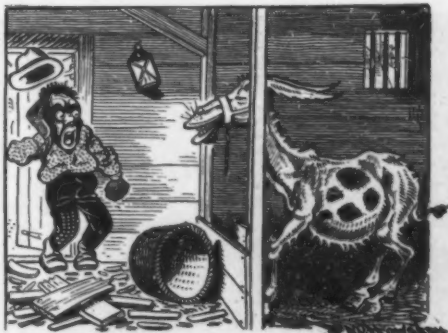
Chicago is only 24 hours away;  
Cincinnati 22; St. Louis 30.

Eleven through trains each day.  
Practically a train every hour, via

**"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."**

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,  
PAPER WAREHOUSE.**  
31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman St., All kinds of Paper made to order.

ORATOR.—Gentlemen, I am a self-made man.  
VOICE.—Where was de p'lice?



VIII.



# STEINWAY & SONS

## PIANOFORTES.

THE STANDARD PIANOS OF THE WORLD.  
Are Used and Preferred by All Leading Artists.  
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.  
Warerooms - - - STEINWAY HALL.  
Nos. 107, 109 & 111 East 14th St., New York

THE **Boston Garter**



for gentlemen is the only satisfactory garter, as it automatically adjusts itself to any size of leg and does not bind.

It is sold by men's outfitters everywhere.

Ask for the genuine **BOSTON GARTER** and be sure you get it.

MADE BY **George Frost Company,** Boston.

### For Over Half a Century

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. - sic. a bottle.



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

GUSSIE GREEDY.—Gosh! I wish she'd lend me wan of those stockings fur Christmas.

**KICK** IF YOU DON'T GET THE



**GENERAL ARTHUR CIGAR**

ON SALE ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.

KERBS, WERTHEIM & SCHIFFER,  
Manufacturers, NEW YORK.

Send 2-cent Stamp for our Latest Cigar Folder.

**DEAFNESS**  
and Head Noises relieved by using **Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums.**

New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. Write for Pamphlet.

**WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,**  
Mention PUCK. LOUISVILLE, KY.

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT—especially if they have chips on their shoulders.



A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

## THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious. A sample 4-ounce bottle sent to any address, prepaid, for 40c.

Story of the origin of the American Cocktail free on application.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,** Sole Proprietors.  
39 Broadway, New York. Hartford, Conn.  
and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, England.

WHEN THE fool hath nothing to say, he telleth it; but when the wise man hath something to say he keepeth it to himself.



A Trial will Convince You that **GOLDEN SCEPTRE** SMOKING TOBACCO is Almost Perfection. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices of Golden Sceptre, 1 lb., \$1.30; 1/4 lb., 40 cts., postage paid.

CATALOGUE FREE.

**SURBRUG,** 159 Fulton Street, New York City.

Bad effects from excesses in eating  
And drinking speedily cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

**SUPERB CHRISTMAS PUBLICATIONS. - NOW READY,**  
Presenting Artistic and Literary Features of Unusual Merit.

ISSUED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

## The Grand Christmas Double Numbers

	Price, \$0.50
THE LONDON GRAPHIC	
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YULE TIDE	.50
CHATTERBOX CHRISTMAS-BOX	.50
LADY'S PICTORIAL	.50
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ART ANNUAL, the Christmas Number of the Art Journal	.75
LE FIGARO ILLUSTRÉ, English Text	1.00
LE FIGARO ILLUSTRÉ, French	1.00

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**THE FINEST CHRISTMAS NUMBERS IN THE WORLD.**

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(WINE OF HEALTH.)

Physicians and individuals who have tried *Vino de Salud* invariably pronounce it the most delicious and invigorating tonic wine obtainable. Our artistic and beautifully illustrated booklet will interest you. May we send you one?

Imported by **ROCHE & CO.,** 503 Fifth Ave., New York.





**GUARANTEE**

A GUARANTEE WHICH GUARANTEES  
GOES WITH  
EVERY  
**Rambler**  
BICYCLE.

"YOU RUN NO RISK."

Catalogue free at Rambler agencies, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO.  
Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.

**CERTAINLY.**

"Did you get anything in your stocking this morning?" they asked of the ballet dancer.

"That's all right!" said she; "don't you worry!"

**THE INTER-STATE CASUALTY COMPANY**

CAPITAL AND ASSETS \$225,000  
NEW FEATURES, TONTINE POLICIES.

**ACCIDENT INSURANCE**

AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.  
WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED.  
DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY.

62 & 64 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK



**INCLUSIVE.**

O'TOOLE.—That's a valuable goat, Mither Dooley.  
DOOLEY.—He don't luk it, Mike.  
O'TOOLE.—Sure, he was wan av me daughter's wid-  
ding presents, an' he ate up the rist av thim.

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



"The next time I buy a shaving-stick, it will be

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK."

**The Soap**—is a rich, creamy white—very delicate in odor—and produces a wonderfully soft—cool lather that never dries on the face while shaving.

Enough WILLIAMS' STICKS  
sold in 1893 to shave over  
20,000,000 men.

**WILLIAMS' SOAPS**—in three



"Genuine Yankee" Soap, 15c.  
Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world. Millions using it.



Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.  
Strong, metal-lined case. For Tourists' and Travelers' use. Don't fail to ask for WILLIAMS'—and take no other.



Williams' Barbers' Soap, 40c.  
This is the kind your barber should use. It is also most excellent for Toilet use. Tons of it sold yearly to families. 6 cakes in a package—40c.

**SPECIAL OFFER**—If your dealer does not have these soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid on receipt of price.—All three kinds sent for 75c. in stamps. Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.**  
London Office: 64 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W. C.

"Do you think Elsie will take her millionaire for better or worse?"  
"No; for more or less."

NEVER TRY to make game of a tame duck.

**THE MOST DURABLE AND FINEST COMB IN THE WORLD.**

75c. each.



75c. each.

WARRANTED NOT TO TARNISH OR BREAK.

**REYMOND & GOTTLOB,**

830 Broadway and 18 Maiden Lane, New York. 416 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

LARGEST DEALERS AND IMPORTERS OF  
**ALUMINUM** FANCY GOODS, HOUSEHOLD WARE  
and COOKING UTENSILS.

Choicest Line of Christmas Novelties.

Write for List. Mention Puck, please.

## The Little Brown Jug OLD KENTUCKY Rye or Bourbon.

**QUALITY UNSURPASSED.**  
Delivered in sealed case (no marks) at your home, Direct from the Distillery. Save all middlemen's profits and adulterations. Buy of us at \$2.90 per gallon. Write us for prices and full information. All business strictly confidential. Address  
**THE E. L. ANDERSON DISTILLING CO.,**  
Box No. 1500. Newport, Kentucky.



**PURE WHISKEY**

\$2.90 PER GALLON



I.  
New men and methods, systems, creeds,  
New fabrics, nostrums, wares,  
Arise and pass as years roll by,  
Yet there's no change in PEARS;  
Pears' toilet tablet has survived  
Through all the hopes and fears  
Involved in Time's unhalting flight  
Of just a hundred years.

II.  
Within this soap's transparent depths  
There seems to be revealed  
The story of the century,  
And all its glorious yield;  
It tells of times of turbulence,  
Of laughter, and of tears,  
And links the past and present for  
A changeful hundred years.

III.  
From George unto Victoria  
This soap has washed its way,  
A beautifying element  
That holds supremest sway;  
With princes and with cottagers,  
With artisans and peers,  
It's been the toilet favorite  
For full a hundred years.

IV.  
The beauties of the ancient days  
Of powder, puff, and patch,  
Kept faithful to their faithful PEARS,  
And never found its match;  
And when the aged century  
Dies out and disappears,  
PEARS' SOAP will still be foremost as  
'T has been a hundred years.

V.  
Soaps white and red, and green and pink,  
With names of empty sound,  
Come and go unceasingly,  
The buyer to confound;  
Yet PEARS' SOAP retains its fame,  
While other names fall dumb,  
And having lived a hundred years,  
Will hundreds more to come.

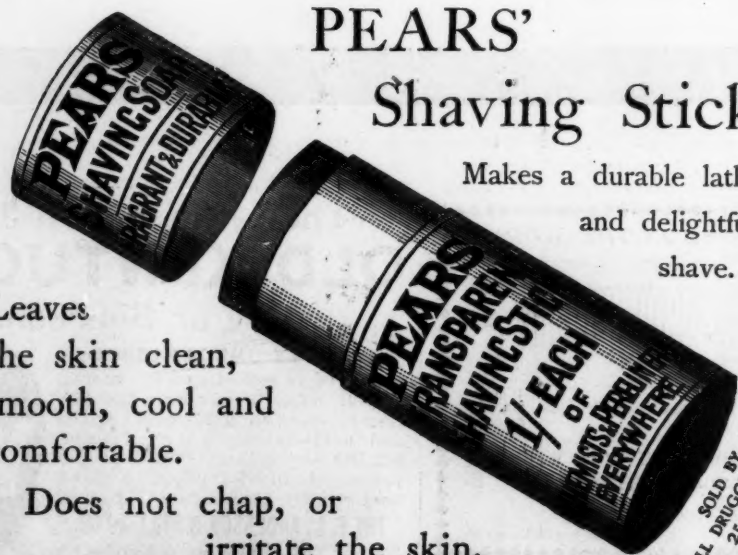


## PEARS' Shaving Stick

Makes a durable lather;  
and delightful  
shave.

Leaves  
the skin clean,  
smooth, cool and  
comfortable.

Does not chap, or  
irritate the skin.



SOLD BY  
ALL DRUGGISTS AT  
25 CENTS.



1864



1894







#### LA COUR FIN-DE-SIÈCLE.

O LA BELLE, la belle à tout le monde !  
Je fais mes vœux, je fais mes vœux d'amour —  
Hier à la brune, demain à la blonde,  
A la rousse aujourd'hui je fais la cour.

Cette marguerite que je t'apporte  
Ne veut rien dire ni des champs ni des prés,  
Car pour moi, j'ne marchand' pas d'la sorte —  
N'suis ni poète ni négociant en blés.

La voici donc, la folle ou sage enchère  
Hors de saison, cette fleur aux pétales blancs —  
Cristi, ma belle, tu dois m'être rud'ment chère —  
Ça m'a coûté mes — trente — derniers francs.

H. C. Bunney.

C. Westman





#### A GILDED SORROW.

YMPATHETIC FRIEND.—I am so sorry you were disappointed in your marriage!

THE COUNTESS.—My dear, don't marry a foreign noble. If I could only undo what I have done I would be willing to give up all I have in the world, except my title.

#### SOMETHING WRONG.

MRS. CLOON.—What was the cause of that hideous howling and yelling in the street, just as you came in?

MR. CLOON.—It was a beggar telling a deaf old gentlemen that he was so near dead with pneumonia that it was impossible for him to speak above a whisper.

#### THE REASON OF IT.

FOND HUSBAND.—Somehow, I don't seem to be able to enjoy your pies as I did those my mother made for me when I was a boy.

LOVING WIFE.—Perhaps you would, if you had n't ruined your stomach by eating so many of those same pies, when you were a boy.

#### TURNED OVER.

MAXWELL.—How are you getting on in your law practice?

SKINNEM.—Splendid; although I have had only one client so far.

MAXWELL.—Is he wealthy?

SKINNEM.—He was.

#### BABIES SOON FIND THAT OUT.

"My youngest is very fond of pedestrianism," said Mr. Cawker to Mr. Cumso.

"I did n't know it was old enough to walk."

"It is n't; but it is old enough to know that I can."

#### NEW BETTER.

STRAWBER.—Why don't you step into your hatter's and get that hat ironed?

SINGERLY.—Not much. They'd want to collect the bill for it.

#### THE LAST STRAW.

FERDY.—Cholly's getting dreadfully cynical.

REGGY.—Ya-as—even lost faith in his man.

#### THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

DUSTY RHODES.—Whither bound, comrade?

FITZ WILLIAM.—Going over to Newark.

DUSTY RHODES.—What for?

FITZ WILLIAM.—Just read in the paper that a tramp was wanted over there for stealing chickens.

#### BADLY HANDICAPPED.

MRS. VERIRICH.—Now that you have retired from business, you ought to have something to occupy your mind.

MR. VERIRICH.—That's so! I am dying of ennui.

"Well, why not go in for charity, and become noted as a great philanthropist?"

"Won't do at all! Our poor relations might hear of it."

#### EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

SHE.—Do you believe marriage is a mistake?

HE.—No; I am a bachelor.

#### PLEASED HIS DADDY.

"Iky, how many cents vhas dere in vun dollar?"

"Vun hunderdt undt sigsty, ohf you vork it right," said Iky.

"You are my own papy poy!" said Mr. Minzesheimer, in ecstasy.

#### AFTER HIM.

"You are no longer troubled with rheumatism, are you?"

"No; something worse."

"What's that?"

"I'm troubled with a doctor."

#### GOOD EVIDENCE.

"Why do you think he is a crank?"

"He says I am one."

#### HOMOEOPATHIC TREATMENT.

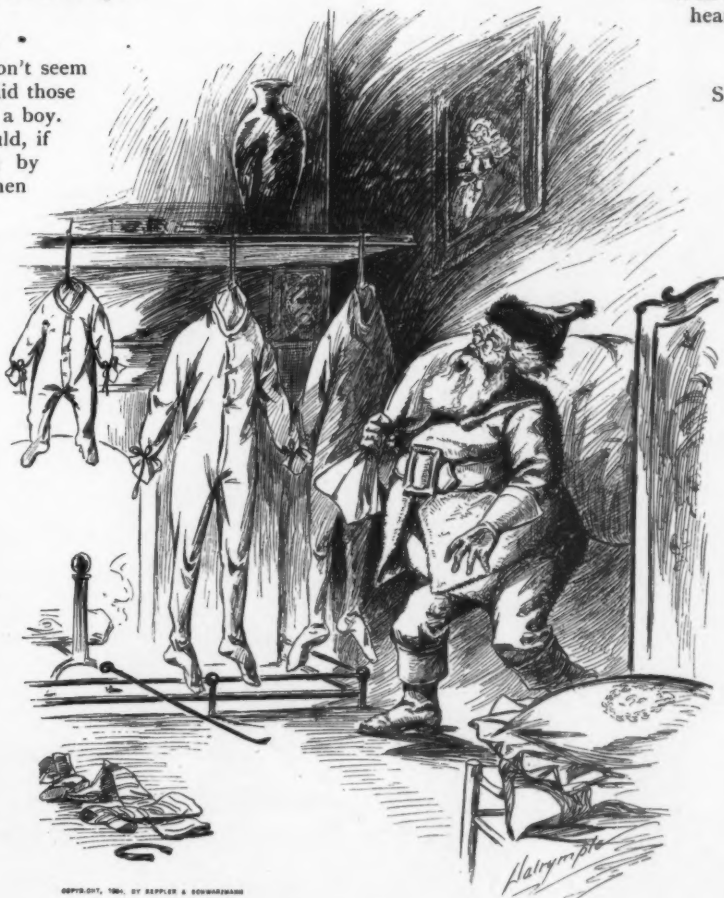
PAPA.—Can't we do something to stop that child crying?

MAMA.—Give her that crying doll.

THERE IS no place like Home; but it is a place that brings a mighty small salary.

CARSON.—To what school of writers does Scrawls belong?

VOKES.—He poses as a realist; but his creditors say he is a romancer.



#### DRAWING THE LINE.

SANTA CLAUS.—Nobody ever accused me of being stingy; but when children wear combination underwear I wish they would borrow one of their father's socks for this occasion.



NOT EXPENSIVE ENOUGH.

H, HERE it is! What utter luck!  
I might have searched through all the store  
For half a week and never struck  
A thing she has not had before.

Exactly what I want for Kate!  
So bright and simple; cute  
and new!

It's marked—A dollar ninety-  
eight!

Oh, that's too cheap! It will not do!  
Harry Romaine.

SIGNS OF DEFEAT.

CORA.—So you are sure her husband had  
the best of the argument? Did she tell you so?

MADGE.—No; but I heard her say he was  
a mean, hateful thing, as she went out of the  
room and slammed the door.

MONEY TALKS; but it does not always speak when  
spoken to.

FAME IS to have everybody know one's weaknesses.



AT THE TRAVELERS' CLUB.

FRAYED KEEGAN.—Say, tellers, dis is a fren' o' mine. I don't suppose der house com-  
mittee 'd have any objections ef I 'd put him up here fer a few days; d' ye tink dey would?

ANGLO-SAXONS PLAYED OUT.

AMERICAN (*slyly*).—Looks to me as if the English government had  
passed into the hands of the Scotch.

ENGLISHMAN.—Well, I 'd rather stay there and  
be ruled by the Scotch, than come over here and  
be ruled by the—er—

POLICEMAN.—Move an dthere, now!

TIME ENOUGH.

MRS. NORRIS.—What 's the matter,  
Bessie?

BESSIE.—Oh, I feel so miserable! I  
wish I were dead!

MRS. NORRIS.—Nonsense, my dear!  
No young girl has any right to wish she  
were dead before she is married.



QUALIFIED.

MOTHER.—I think you  
ought to start George  
in the real estate busi-  
ness. He seems to have  
a strong inclination for it.

FATHER.—Yes; and he seems to know  
more about real estate than anything else.

MOTHER.—Yes?

FATHER.—Yes; he can tell a house from  
a lot.

NOT IN HIS LINE.

MR. CLOSELEIGH.—I 'll give you noth-  
ing! You can't work me.

RURAL RAGGES.—*Work* you! (*With  
great dignity.*) Sir; you mistake my call-  
ing!

AFTER THE MUSICALE.

HE.—My dear, nobody seemed to like  
the eggnog you served to the company but  
Herr Klinkenstopfer. True, he was the  
guest of honor.

SHE.—Yes. I thought if I made it of  
beer it would make him play better.

THE SMILE from the face of Nature flees,  
As Winter upon us steals;  
The warmth departs from the atmosphere,  
And the chilblains take to their heels.

HARRY.—Why don't you get an English  
valet?

CHOLLY.—Wha-at! And hawve to look  
up to me vewwy man!

THE MAN who has attained a high posi-  
tion must not think himself exempt from  
the force of gravitation.



PARENTAL STRATEGY.

CLARA.—Oh, George! you know Papa forbid  
you the house, and I hear him coming downstairs  
now.

GEORGE (*bravely*).—He 's coming down in his  
stocking-feet, I think. It is only when he wears  
those heavy boots that I am afraid of him.

A NEW FIELD.

DE TROP.—There goes Jones, the expert.

VAN BOSH.—Expert what?

DE TROP.—Expert expert.

IT WOULD WAKE HIM.

MRS. TOPFLAT.—I see in the paper that a man out  
in Indiana has been sleeping for five weeks, and the  
doctors can not rouse him.

MR. TOPFLAT.—Why don't they put him in a folding  
bed?



(And George wished he had been  
less certain when Papa reached the  
parlor.)





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#### A CAREFUL HOST.

MR. LAKEFRONT (of Chicago, sternly). — William, get Mr. Van Norton a napkin!  
MR. VAN NORTON (of New York). — I have one, thank you.  
MR. LAKEFRONT. — Oh! you did n't have it on; I thought you had been neglected.

#### THINK NOT.

**W**AS EARLY man a savage? That 's a poser! Let us see: At night he never had to fit an unobliging key; he never had an empty purse, nor did he have to scheme to get his girl past — safely past — the place they sell ice-cream; he never bribed a jockey, and then bet a pile and lost; he never was an umpire, or was by an umpire bossed; nor felt the keen concussion of a big financial drop, nor paid a festive plumber all his savings at a pop; nor did he mortgage real estate so 's he could go to law, and lose the case, and see it drop in Litigation's maw; he never had a favorite cook to simply up and quit; he never put up stoves at all, nor pipes that would n't fit; nor had a new silk hat exchanged for some old seedy tile, nor had his teeth attended to by dentists with a file; he never donned his best dress-suit and then fell in the mud; and, since he never wore a shirt, he never lost a stud; he never burst a buttoned glove, nor — till his neck was raw — wore collars that resembled much the saw-teeth of a saw; he never wrote a poem that an editor declined, nor hatched a joke within the incubator of his mind; he never moved into a house whose chimneys would n't draw; nor knew exactly what it was to have a mother-in-law; nor had to catch suburban trains, as nowadays he does; and, since these things make savage men, I don't believe he was!

Eva Best.

#### TURNED DOWN.

"Do you wish to regard me," he tremulously asked, "only in the light of a friend?"

She sighed.

"I would n't mind," she faltered, "if it was a little darker than that."

Even the gas-meter in the cellar caught her subtle meaning.

#### THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

MINNIE. — So they are engaged! Her family seemed to be bitterly opposed to him.

MAY. — Yes; at one time that was the only chance in his favor.

ABOUT THE finest combination of light and shade we know of is found in the white and dark meat of the turkey.

#### UP-TO-DATE.

After a while old Santa Claus,  
Embroidered with snow and icicle,  
Will fly around with his Christmas toys  
Upon a safety bicycle.



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#### THE WORLD MOVES.

EDUCATED FIJI ISLANDER. — I congratulate you, my dear sir. It must be a great pleasure for you to note the gradual advance of civilization.

MISSIONARY. — What is the latest evidence of it?

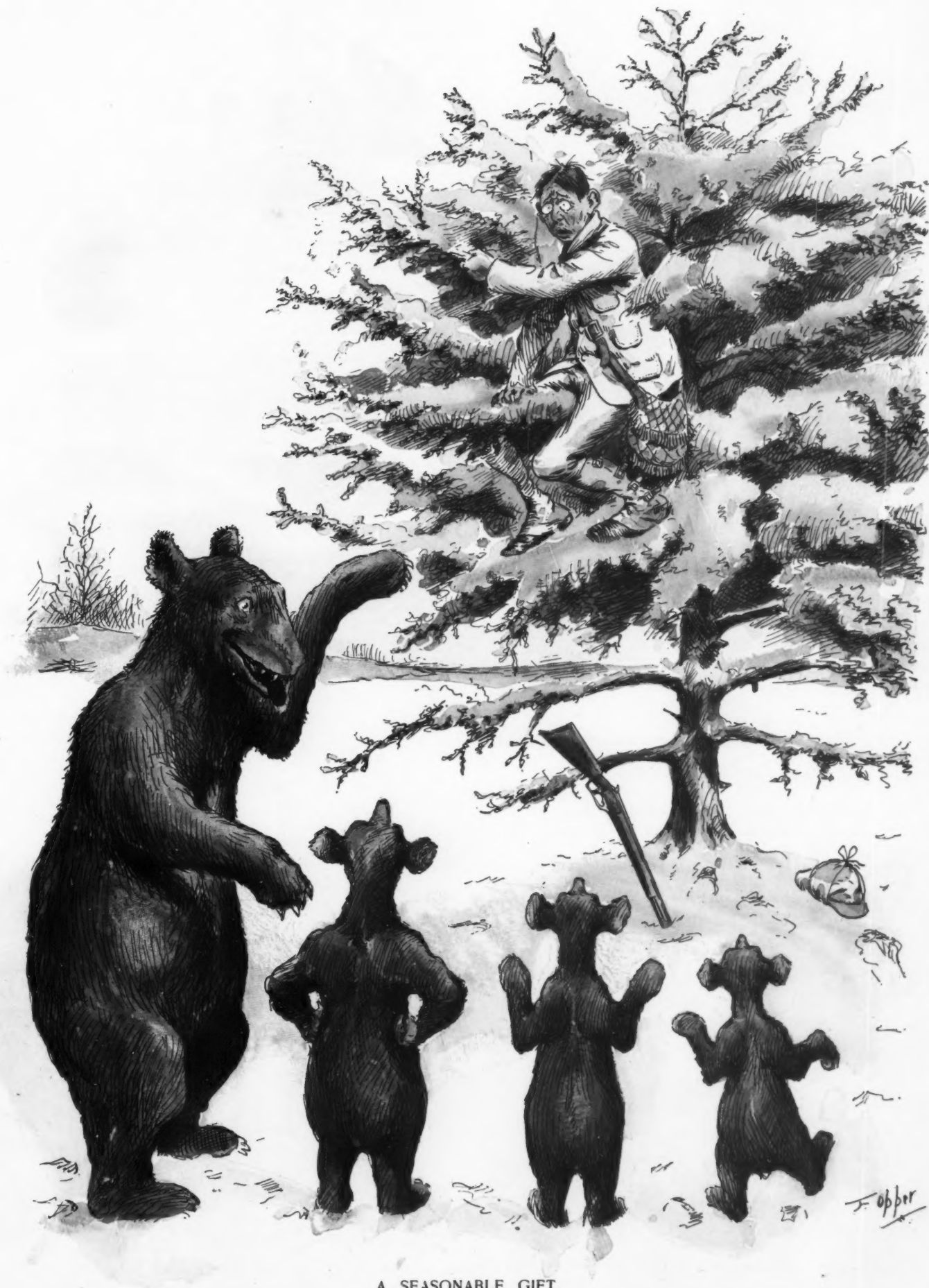
FIJI ISLANDER. — I understand that your Alma Mater has abolished hazing.

PUCK.



AUNT ELIZA'S LAST CHANCE.





A SEASONABLE GIFT.

MAMA BEAR.—There, my dears, see what Santa Claus has hung on our Christmas tree! It is n't very fat; but times are very hard this Winter, you know!

# SHARIN' ALIKE.



"GOOD-MORNIN', friend; nice kind o' weather;  
Looks squally, tho', up in ther hills.  
Some whiskey, I reckon. December  
Is a bad time o' year for ther chills.  
H'm — yes — don't suppose you have ever  
Met a good-lookin' cuss, kinder lame  
On one leg, around Aspen this Winter?  
Pete — Idaho Pete was his name.

"Ain't seen him, you say? No offense, pard;  
'Thought likely you, tendin' ther bar,  
Might a-met him. 'Tween Pete an' ther bottle  
It gen'ally ain't very far.  
Yes: an' take one yerself. It was this way:  
We were diggin' and sharin' the same  
Up 'bout Creston way all last Summer —  
An' Idaho Pete was his name.

"A fine-lookin' feller, an' social  
As ever you 'd want for a pard;  
Always jolly when dirt panned out well,  
An' jolly when luck was hard.  
Rode like a injun, an' played some —  
His luck at ther cards was a shame.  
Durn me, but I most loved that feller —  
An' Idaho Pete was his name!

"We 'd saved quite a pile last o' August,  
Just sharin' an' sharin' alike,  
An' I kept mine hid in the hut, sir,  
An' he kept his down at ther dike.  
An', well, pard, to shorten ther story, —  
I woke up one mornin' to find  
That Pete an' my pile had just vanished,  
An' left not a glitter behind.

"Shoot Pete when I find him? Not much, sir!  
He 's welcome to what I have got  
As long as there 's money in pocket,  
An' flour an' hog in ther hut.  
But I 'd just like ter see him ter ask him  
How, by Fario's wife an' ther Nile,  
He ever found out I was holdin'  
Out more 'n my share o' ther pile!"

Richard Stillman Powell.



## CONSISTENT.

BUNKER.—That's a terrible old hat Bilter is wearing. Why does n't he get a new one?

HILL.—He says if he did he would have to get a new suit.

## NOT THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

MR. SLUMMER.—I am afraid you won't do. I want a man who has a voice like mine.

APPLICANT.—What's the idea?

MR. SLUMMER.—I've just had a telephone put in my house, and I want a man stationed at the office every night to answer when she rings him up.



## MOTH-EATEN.

FLOSSY.—Mama, I don't think you better let the new cook stay.

MAMA.—Why not, dear?

FLOSSY.—Well, Mama — whisper — her fur cape 's got the mange, an' Fido might catch it.

THE WORST of "slender hopes" is, that the older they get the less they incline to embonpoint.

A MAN'S OPINION is often based upon nothing, and a woman's upon that.

"BE SURE you 're right, then go ahead;" — don't look around to see if your neighbors are right.

[IT is the Christmas-book that can best afford to be judged by its cover.

LORD FORGIVUZ.—Do you know, I am passionately fond of roses.

ETHEL KNOX.—What is your favorite?

LORD FORGIVUZ.—American Beauties.



## IN TRAINING FOR IT.

NAN.—I wonder whether Tom is going to give me much of a Christmas present this Christmas?

HER BROTHER.—I guess he is. I know he has been eating free lunches for over two months now.

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FRAUD ON THE FACE OF IT.

MISS PASSAY. — Oh, you naughty man! It is n't fair! I do believe you can see!

DISGUSTING, BUT TRUE.



HE SAT in his easy-chair, a picture of helpless misery; perhaps it would be better to say he lolled in his chair, for his whole frame was inert, his flesh was flabby, and he looked as though nothing would rouse him from his wretched lethargy. He had a dull, grinding headache, his eyes were yellow and blood-shot, his skin was hot with a low fever, he felt tired and heavy in every limb. A faint sense of nausea oppressed him, and he had a bad, thick taste in his mouth.

What was he — this poor, miserable piece of humanity below par? A drunkard recovering from a long debauch? A worn-out profligate, paralyzed by years of dissipation? The victim of some hideous vice — the opium or the chloral habit?

No; not a bit of it! He had n't a vice in the world — the poor man. Only he had just eaten twice his usual allowance of dinner right in the dead waist and middle of the day, in order to have a good time and spend Christmas as it ought to be spent; and this is the way that he puts in his afternoon in consequence. Oh, yes, we're a real nice, intellectual, rational, reasonable people, we are, and the angels will take off their hats to us when we die of indigestion.

GOING HOME.

Loaded with toys till his muscles cracked,  
A pert little voice piped up at him: —  
"Say! boss, if you're doin' the Dickens  
act,  
"I'm the kid fer yer Tiny Tim!"

L.

A BIT OF EVIDENCE.

MISS ANTIQUE.—Do you know, that absurd, ridiculous Mr. Smithkin thinks I am superstitious. I wonder why?

MISS FLIP.—Perhaps he saw you standing under the mistletoe.

BY EXPRESS.

And so I send this powder puff  
To touch your tender cheek.  
You see I am not near enough,  
And so I send this powder puff!  
You will not find it half so rough  
As stubble grown a week!  
And so I send this powder puff  
To touch your tender cheek!

Harry Romaine.



WORTH THE SACRIFICE.

SEEDY SLOCUM.—Say, pard, I've struck a soft snap. Yer know de School of Cookery?

WALL-EYED WATKINS (*disgusted*).—What d'yer take me fur? I ain't got down to dat yit.

SEEDY SLOCUM.—Hol' up! De grub's tough; but ef ye kin worry it down an' look as though yer liked it, ye kin strike 'em fur a quarter afterwards,—an' dat's five beers.

SAVED.

Shivering with cold she wept, a wan, fragile, pinched figure.

"I have n't enough money to buy a steak," she sobbed.

A man in furs paused at sight of her misery.

"Take heart, little girl," he said, kindly.

She raised her streaming eyes to his, and the light of hope illumined her wretched face.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of that!"

She flitted away, and the bosom of the man in furs was filled with peace.

A BROKEN COURTSHIP.

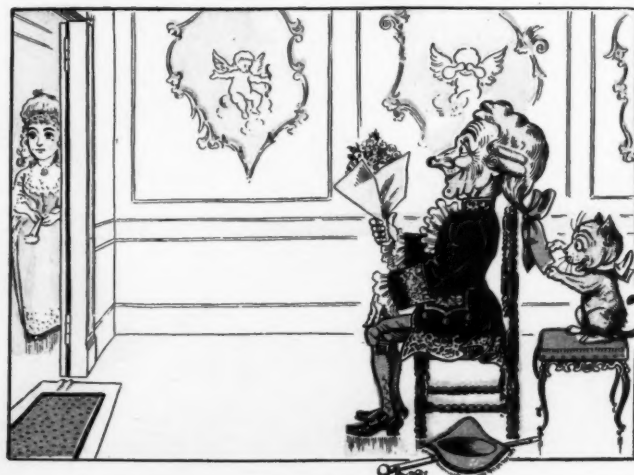


I.

KEEPS IN ANY CLIMATE.—A Miser.



II.



III.



IV.



V.





## CUPID'S FAILURE

CUPID, one day, in idle quest,  
Fitted a dainty dart  
And aimed it at Priscilla's breast,  
To strike Priscilla's heart.

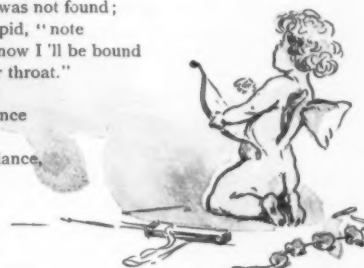
Clean through it went, no heart was there;  
Said Cupid, "I believe  
Priscilla's just the girl to wear  
Her heart upon her sleeve."

But there, alack! it was not found;  
"Aha!" cried Cupid, "note  
Her frightened air; now I'll be bound  
Her heart is in her throat."

Failure again. On slender chance  
He one more arrow shoots;  
Assuming from her downcast glance,  
Her heart is in her boots.

Foiled, Cupid threw aside his bow;  
"She has no heart," said he.  
(He did not know that long ago  
She gave her heart to me.)

Carolyn Wells.



### GENEROUS LITTLE FREDDY.

"Freddy," said Mrs. Gazzam to her little boy, about eleven o'clock on Christmas morning, "you ought to be a very happy boy with all these presents that have been sent you."

"Yes'm," replied Freddy, as he pounded his new drum with heavy whacks.

"There are a great many little boys who have n't even a single present to-day."

"Is that so?" asked Freddy. And he gave his watchman's rattle an excruciating twist.

"In the hospital on the next street, Freddy, there are lots of children — poor, sick children, too — who have n't any cousins and uncles and aunts and grandparents to send them nice things."

"I'm sorry for them," said Freddy. And he blew a blast on a shrill horn to display the extent of his sorrow.

"So am I sorry for them, Freddy. Now, would you like to send them something to show what a generous, dear little fellow Mama's boy is?"

"I s'pose so," replied Freddy, in a hesitating tone.

"I thought my little man would want to. He'll feel so glad that he has given pleasure to the poor, sick little boys and girls. Shall I make up a bundle? You really have a great many more toys than you want."

"Yes, Mama."

"Very well. I'll send that big tin horn that your Uncle Tom brought you this morning, and that drum that Grandpa told Santa Claus

to put in your stocking, and the watchman's rattle that Aunt Sue sent from Oshkosh, and the mouth-organ that you found in your stocking, and that accordion that came from the Wigginses, and the kazoo that Uncle William bought for you."

Freddy demurred a little, but his generosity was at stake.

His noise-makers were bundled off to the hospital, and then Freddy's mama lay down to take a little nap and get out of her ears the din that had been gathering there since daybreak.

William Henry Siviter.



### NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND IT.

MRS. HOCHSTATTER. — Vot vas you going out for, Morris?

MR. HOCHSTATTER. — Der doctor ordered me to avoid all excitement, und der programme says der leading lady will wear seventy-five thousand dollars' vort' of diamonds in der next act!

IF YOU could condense the wisdom of ages into a single short sentence, you could n't get a young man to remember it for five minutes after he starts out in the world.

CONSISTENCY is a fashionable jewel for other people to wear.

"THOU HAST grown cold!" he exclaimed.

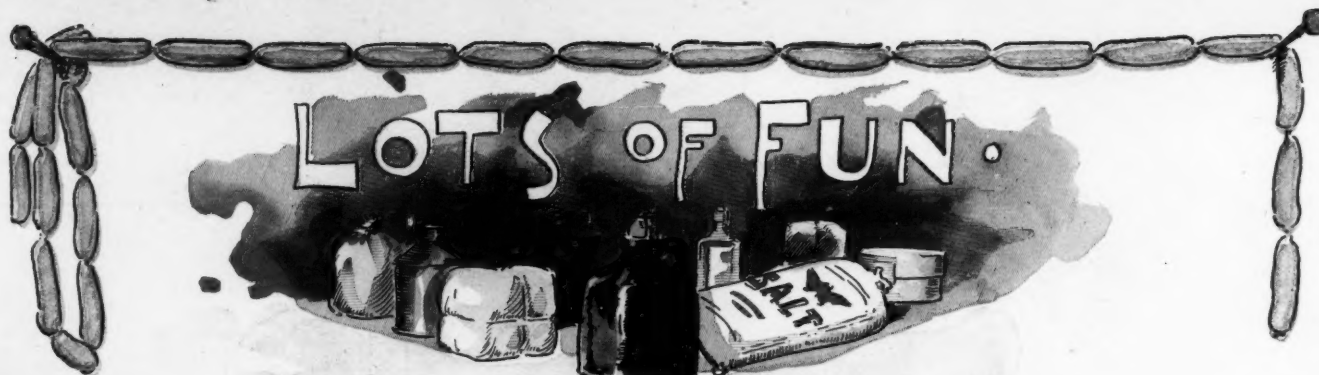
She spake not.

"Cold!" he bitterly repeated. She stirred uneasily upon the cushioned divan.

"Yes," she faltered; "almost frozen."

He strode from the apartment, and presently the sound of angry voices was borne through the register.

WHERE MIGHT IS RIGHT — In a Fine Old Cheshire Cheese.



BY H. C. BUNNER.

POPPER GETS the sleigh out — the low one like a sled,  
Not the cutter in the barn, the one that 's painted red;  
Gets his big red mittens out, the buffler robe and all,  
Mommer comes to the kitchen door in her old green sontag shawl.  
My! she 's got a list of things that Popper 's got to get,  
'Way down at the Junction Store where things is good, you bet!  
Every kind of spices, Sister 's chewing gum,  
Hair-pins and a bag of salt and a jug of rum,  
Pepper for the sausages, liniment and shoes,  
And that curious-smelling stuff for the tea that Gramma brews.  
Popper screws his mouth up and says the list is big;  
But we *must* have things at Christmas when we

kill  
the  
pig.

Next day Mr. Wilkins comes — he 's the butcher man.  
Nobody in town can cut up pork-meat like he can.  
He and Popper make their guess, sizing up the pork —  
Ain't no finer pig than that in Jersey or in York.  
Popper says four hundred pounds — Mr. Wilkins tells him no.  
Says three-hundred-and-a-half is high 's that pig 'll go.  
Jimmy — that 's our hired man — looks kinder cross at him,  
"Four hundred pounds is in that pork or I ain't no judge," says Jim.  
You see, Jim 's always fed the pig, and that 's the way it ends,  
Jim and the pig they get to be a kinder sort of friends.  
And Jim ain't goin' to let folks say he *ain't* reel good and big,  
And he feels right bad at Christmas when we

kill  
the  
pig.

The folks all come out from the house — except the women-folks,  
They say they hate to hear the squeals, but the men makes lots of jokes.  
And along comes Mr. Shepard — that 's Sister 's steady beau;  
He says he come to help us out, but it ain't for that, I know.  
Why, pshaw! he don't do nothin', for did n't I see him stand  
A kinder-round-the-corner-like, a-holdin' Sister's hand!  
She throws her apron over her head as soon as she hears the squeals,  
But what did she come out for, say, if that 's the way she feels?  
I won't be squeezing hands with girls when I get good and big;  
I 'd rather help with the other men when we

kill  
the  
pig.

Then Mr. Wilkins slits his legs and puts a broomstick through,  
And hangs him up to the hook on the tree that they hang the stilyards to.  
And he scrapes him and he steams him till the air is steam all round,  
And the steam makes little pock-marks in the snow upon the ground.  
And he scrapes the bristles off him, and he slits him just as straight!  
And he puts the sausage casings in warm water for to wait.  
And there he is a-hangin' there, all white and clean and dry,  
And Mr. Wilkins 's gone away, and there 's the empty sty.  
It 's cold, and he 's a-stiffening fast, and, golly! ain't he big?  
Oh, it 's lots of fun at Christmas when we

kill  
the  
pig!

Then Popper knocks the side out of the great big hemlock sty,  
Mr. Wilkins takes his coat off and rolls his sleeves up high,  
And Popper and Me and Nigger George and Mr. Wilkins's man,  
We get the pig out of the sty — oh, any way we can.  
Then Jim he holds him by the ears — you see he knows Jim best,  
And Mr. Wilkins jabs him with his sticker in the chest.  
Oh, Mr. Wilkins knows the place! he don't never jab him twice;  
Say, don't you think that butchering pork is something awful nice?  
I 'll be a butcher, sure 's you live, as soon as I am big,  
And I 'll help with Mr. Wilkins when we

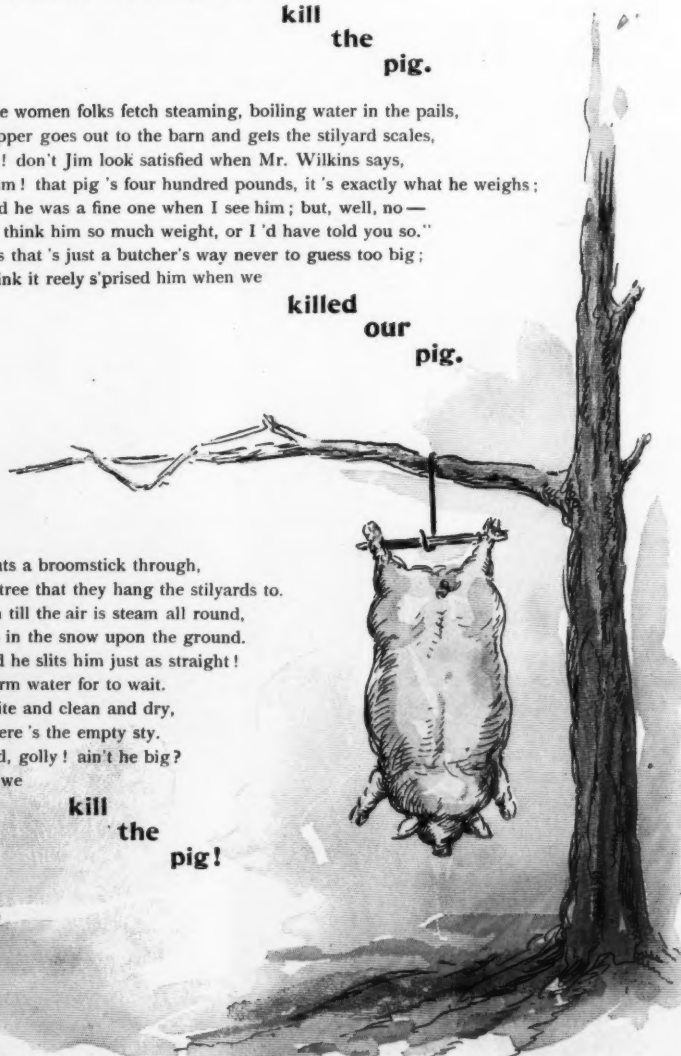
kill  
the  
pig.

Oh, you *ought* to hear the way that pig goes quee! quee! quee!  
Though he don't never squeal enough for satisfying *me*.  
You see he 's reelly most too fat — if you want a right good noise  
Them hollow, long-snout razor-backs is better fun for boys.  
But our pig sort of grunts a while, and wavers sort of round,  
And sort of quinces through his fat, and sags down on the ground.  
The little pool of blood he makes looks pretty on the snow,—  
Last year I played 't was Injun blood and I 'd shot 'em with a bow.  
I don't know sometimes but I 'll be a cow-boy when I 'm big,  
Though I think I 'll be a butcher when we

kill  
the  
pig.

Then the women folks fetch steaming, boiling water in the pails,  
And Popper goes out to the barn and gets the stilyard scales,  
And my! don't Jim look satisfied when Mr. Wilkins says,  
"By Gum! that pig 's four hundred pounds, it 's exactly what he weighs;  
I knowed he was a fine one when I see him; but, well, no —  
I did n't think him so much weight, or I 'd have told you so."  
Pop says that 's just a butcher's way never to guess too big;  
But I think it reely s'prised him when we

killed  
our  
pig.







"Mother of Wisdom," he said feebly; "behold the appointed hour! I come to hear from thy lips the secret of the utmost, highest and most perfect knowledge of womanhood. Speak therefore and tell it unto me, that that may come to pass which was written, so that, knowing all that may be known unto man, I may also know the most that may be known unto woman."

Slowly the withered lips opened, and in a voice deep, yet distant and musical, like the sound of waters within the inmost hollows of the earth, the Sibyl spake, saying:

"Oh, my son, if thou wouldst learn the utmost wisdom to which a woman may attain, listen and incline thine ear."

And Solomon said, "I listen."

Then said the Sibyl, "Lo! this is the beginning and the end:

"The woman who naggeth a man when his stomach is empty shall get emptiness for her pains; and she who asketh her wish of him when his stomach is full shall have even unto her heart's desire. And when this thing is learned of womankind, then shall the rule and dominion of the earth pass from the man to the woman, and he shall be her bond-slave and shall execute her will."

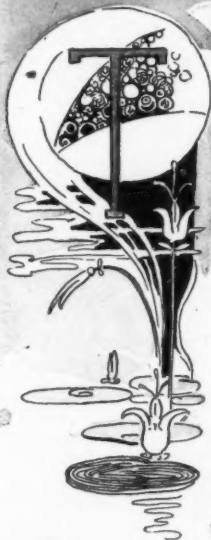
And Solomon bowed himself unto the earth and worshiped at her feet, saying:

"Verily thou art the Mother of Wisdom and knowledge is thine handmaiden."

And so saying they went forth of the place, for the pilgrimage of Solomon was at an end. But as they went, the little child, Ben Him, the grandson of Solomon by his ninety-seventh wife, said softly to his grandsire:

"And when, O My Grandfather! will women learn this mighty secret?"

"Not in my time nor in thine, my son," said the venerable monarch, laying his hand tenderly upon the boy's golden head. And then, pointing to where, on the northern horizon, the apex of Cheops, flanked by the lesser pyramids, stood sharply outlined against the sky, he added with a sigh, "nor in theirs."



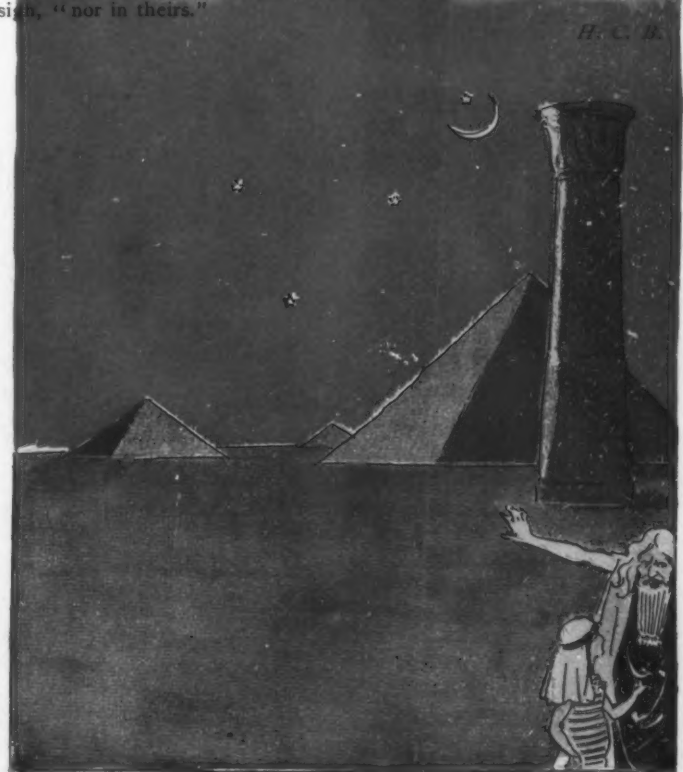
THE MIGHTY TRAIN of the great King Solomon halted upon the edge of the oasis. The luxuriously caparisoned camels knelt, and the warriors who bestrode them, glittering in brass inlaid with costly metals, descended and stretched their stiffened limbs beneath the grateful shade of the palm trees, while the hurrying slaves hastily erected the gorgeous tents dyed with saffron and Tyrian purple. All around them spread the level waste of the red sand, over which the burning simoom poured forth its fiery breath. Far in the distance a rugged mountain chain raised huge heaps of rock against the glowing horizon.

It was upon this mountain spur, and upon this alone, that the eyes of the aged monarch were bent. Feeble and trembling with the weakness of extreme old age, yet with an eager and almost passionate interest depicted in his speaking countenance, he stood apart from his followers, searching with yet undimmed eye the mystery of the distance.

"Let my people stay here," he said, addressing the High Priest, who stood near him with bowed head; "but thou and I must cross yonder sands ere nightfall, that the desire of my heart may be fulfilled. Yet will I also take with me the child, my grandchild, even the son of my son's wife, that if what I am to hear be for mortal ears, peradventure it may be for him to hand the saying down unto the sons of men. For, lo! within this hour shall I not see the Wise Woman, the wisest of all women, even she that hath learned the secret of the Whole Wisdom of Womanhood? And unto me, who have all the wisdom of man and am the wisest of all men, it shall now be given to know the utmost wisdom whereunto woman may attain."

With the sturdy frame of the High Priest supporting his faltering steps, the aged sage set out, leading by the hand his little grandson, a bright boy of seven. Long and hard was the way, and even under the declining sun the shifting sands burned their feet. To surmount the foothills of the rocky range was a task requiring almost incredible exertion; and it was almost in a fainting condition that the wisest of kings and men at length found himself in front of the bleak and wind-swept niche, in a projection of the rocks, where sat the object of his long and arduous search.

This was an old woman, old with an unspeakable age. Shriveled in every limb, wrinkled in every feature, her hair bleached to an almost transparent whiteness, there was little left about her to suggest kinship to the living world, save the mystic and awful gleam of the dark eyes sunk deep within their cavernous sockets. Gazing into those half-hidden orbs, even the most wise of mortals felt his mighty intellect palsied with the apprehension of a knowledge deeper than the profoundest conceptions of imagination.



PUCK.

# THE : TEA : SHE : BREWS :

(RONDEAU.)

THE TEA she brews is awful drink;  
(Imported from Ceylon, I think,  
Or other Oriental shore!)  
I never had the like before,  
Unpalatable, quite, as ink.

At any rate I do not shrink  
From quaffing. Cup on cup I sink,—  
I do so love to see her pour  
The tea she brews.

Or stoup or glass may clash and clink  
With nectars brimmed that flash and twink-  
Le, wine shall take me nevermore  
While she besweets with bounteous store  
Of smiles that part her lips deep pink,  
The tea she brews.

Edward W. Barnard.

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ACTION.

WIGGS.—All we need is to get a little realism into the third act.

FUTLITES.—What would you suggest?

WIGGS.—We might have *Hamlet* and *Polonius* throw eggs at the first and second players.



WHY HE LEFT.

WILLIS.—Did Brown leave Brooklyn because he did n't like it there?

WALLACE.—That was n't the trouble. Folks told him he would like the place after he had lived there a while.

DID N'T UNDERSTAND  
"KEEPING COMPANY."

CITY VISITOR.—  
Will I have the pleasure  
of seeing your  
daughter this evening?

UNCLE JAKE.—  
No; she's a-settin' up  
with her young man to-  
night.

CITY VISITOR.—Ah!  
I hope his illness is not  
serious.

CRITICISM.

DEVBOOKE.—That new  
clerk's the son of a literary man,  
and he has letters from Ruskin and Tennyson that were sent his  
father; did you see them?

LEDGER (*assistant bookkeeper, scornfully*).—Yes. But I don't  
see what he's so proud of them for. Neither of those fellows  
could get a job in this office with such penmanship.

"WHAT'S THE matter, dearest?" asked Delilah.

"I'd like to know," rejoined Samson, hotly, "what in  
thunder you have done with my hair vigor?"

NEVER JUDGE a man by the clothes he wears; form your estimate  
from the clothes his wife wears.



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SYMPTOMS APPARENT.

GRANDMAMMY YALLERBY.—Look at dat, Mis' Wuffingham! Look at dat!  
Can't you see dat little Romulus is a mighty sick chile?

MRS. WUFFINGHAM (*in alarm*).—Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! How kin yo' tell?

GRANDMAMMY YALLERBY (*impressively*).—How kin I tell? Look at dem  
dahk su'kles undeh his eyes!





PAPA.—Oh, Willy, shame on you! Afraid to call up the chimney to Santa Claus? Just listen to Papa—"Good Santa Claus, send Willy a drum and a sled and a—"



— But just then the wind blew down about three bushels of soot,

#### HIS CHANCE FOR FAME.

If the dumb piano man is around,  
I hope he will read this epistle,  
And invent a drum that will not sound  
And a whistle that will not whistle.

J. J. O'Connell.

#### A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

HARRY.—Do you enjoy the idea of marrying a man reputed to be as miserly as your fiancé is?

MAUDE.—Oh, yes! Don't you see that the dear fellow will be saving enough for us both!

#### ONTO HUMAN NATURE.

THE NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.—Just finished painting your fence, eh? Why don't you put a sign on it to warn people?

THE HOUSEHOLDER.—Sh! If I did, every passer-by would want to feel of the paint to see if the sign spoke the truth. It'll have a chance to dry, now.

#### A BUSY LIFE.

CARRUTHERS.—How are you getting on with your law practice?

WAITE.—Not very well; I have n't enough time to devote to it.

CARRUTHERS.—Why, what are you doing?

WAITE.—Practicing economy.

#### LOVE'S DREAM SHATTERED.



AS THE old man gazed thoughtfully at the smoldering embers, she came with radiant face and kissed him.

"Papa," she whispered, fondly caressing his silver hair; "I have found my affinity."

He turned suddenly and confronted her.

"Daughter," he demanded; "is he a good young fellow?"

"Yes, Papa."

Her eyes were directed to the floor, and she saw not the play of emotions upon his countenance.

"Does n't he smoke?"

"No, Papa."

"My child—"

His voice was unsteady.

"—after all the money I've spent on your education—"

He heeded not her startled glance.

"—I don't propose to buy my own cigars in my old age if I know myself. Don't come to me with your affinity racket. It won't go, I tell you right now."

Her tears were of no more avail to melt his heart than the touch of the zephyr upon adamant.



— and, in the future, Papa will send his directions to Santa Claus by mail.

#### A SMALL BOY'S THOUGHT.

I know now why the reindeer is so swift;  
His speed is given to him that he may  
Fly like the wind across the light snow-drift  
With Santa and his sleigh.

#### QUITE PRUDENT.

MR. MORRIS.—I am astonished that you should have visited Harold at his office, even though you are engaged to him. I consider it very imprudent!

BESSIE.—Quite the reverse, Papa; I went down there to look over the books.

#### THE TRICK OF THE TRADE.

"Tell me the secret of your success."

The retired merchant prince could not but admire the audacity of the young man who faced him boldly as he asked the question.

"It is simply this," he answered, after a moment's thought; "if goods

at one dollar and a half don't go, mark 'em down to \$1.98."

With an inside tip, who could not win?

That young man's "sacrifice sales" are now the talk of the commercial world.

#### CHILDHOOD.

PETER HE kissed little Nell,  
Thought that no one knew it;  
But, you bet, I'm going to tell,  
'Cause I saw him do it.

'T was about a week ago,  
At her birthday party;  
She was mad at me, you know,  
'Cause I called her smarty.

Peter he kissed little Nell,  
Thought I could n't see;  
But, you bet, I'm going to tell  
'Cause it was n't me.

H. S. Nut.



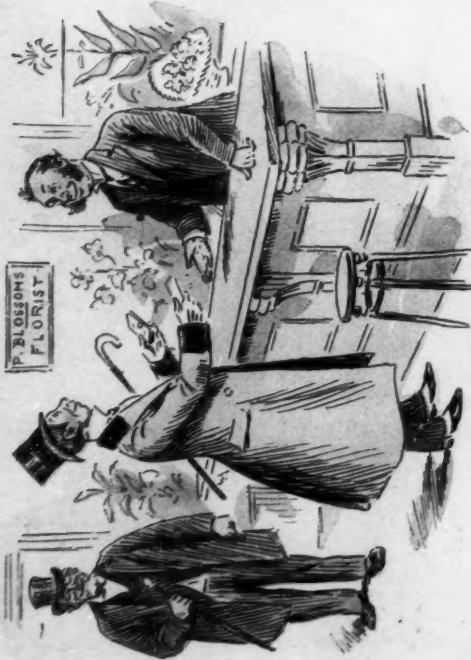
#### STRATEGY.

FIRST DETECTIVE.—You say the criminal has sailed for Europe?

SECOND DETECTIVE.—Yes.

FIRST DETECTIVE.—Then I must take the next train for San Francisco. It will never do to let him suppose that I am on his track.

# WHY WILLIAM WAS DISCHARGED.



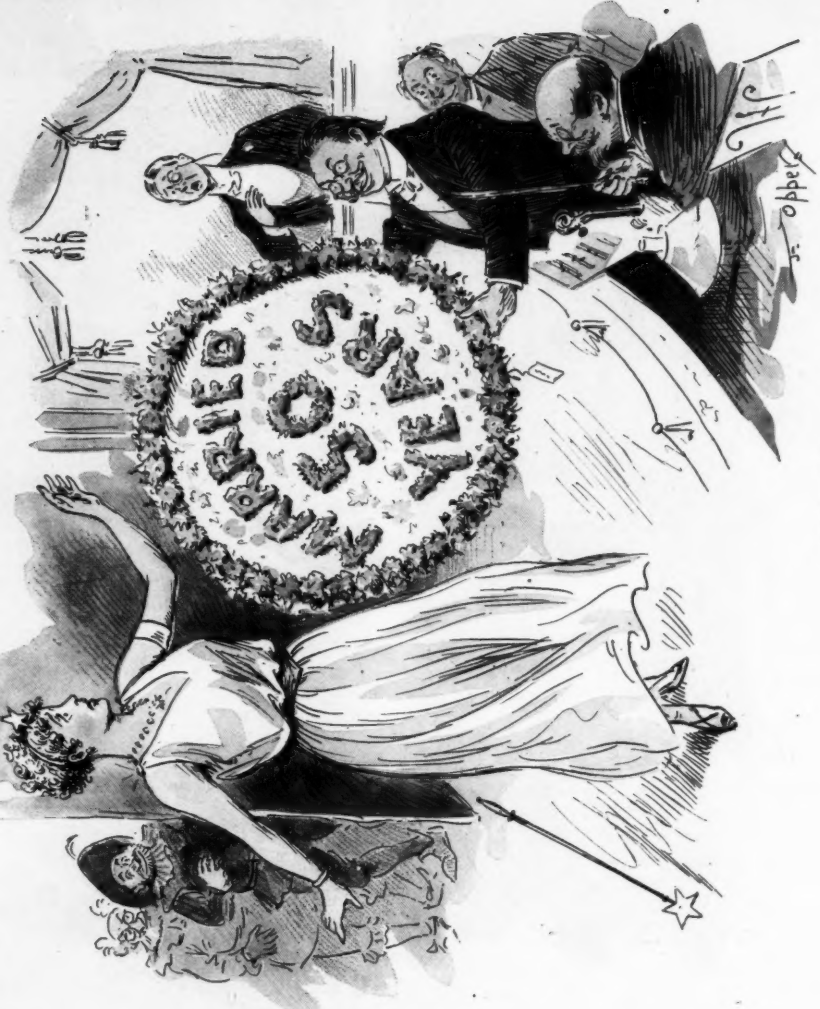
MR. FETHERWATE.—Aw—I'd like you to get up something showy in the way of a floral piece for Miss Shapeleigh, who is appearing as Venus at the Burlesque Theatre, and deliver it to her, with my card, during the performance this evening.

MR. OLDHUN.—I want you to make an appropriate design, to be presented to my wife at our golden wedding to-night. Here's the address.

FLORIST.—Here are the addresses for those floral pieces, William: put Miss Shapeleigh's on the tall parcel, and Mrs. Oldhub's on the round one. Be very careful and make no mistake, and then go and deliver them at once!



At the golden wedding.

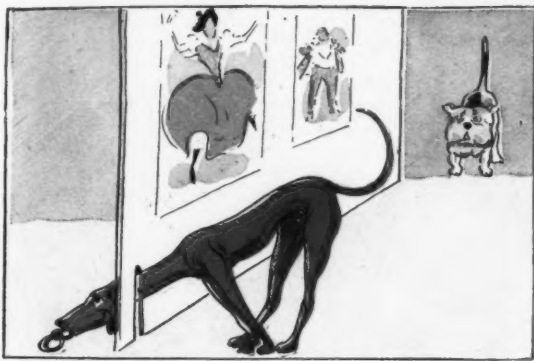


At the theatre.

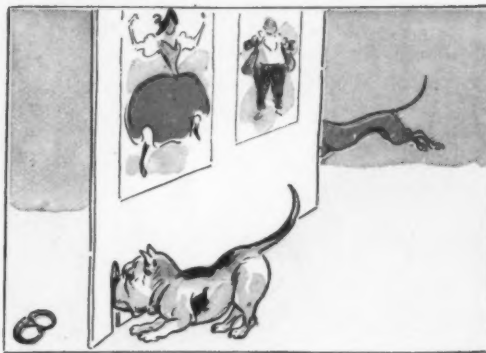


HE DID NOT RECKON ON STRATEGY.

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THE GREYHOUND.—Well, I can't eat this last pretzel. I'll just put it through this hole in the fence, so that big-headed bull-dog won't be able to get it.



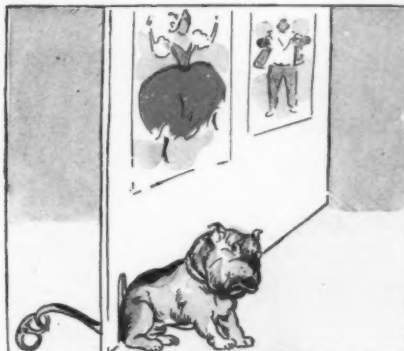
THE BULL.—Now, ain't this aggravating?



"And I can't reach it with my paw, either."



"Let me think a little. Ah! I have it."



"Now, easy, Willy, easy!"



"I tell you, brains count sometimes."

NOT A MENDICANT.

HE SOUGHT not alms, this gentleman  
Who in the theatre sat,  
Yet he was plainly seen to rise  
And pass around a hat.

Of course the moving motive  
'T were pretty hard to gauge;  
But it seemed he went around the hat  
That he might see the stage.

REMARKS BY A CYNICAL TURKEY.



MORE CORN? Thank you!  
How very kind! Most  
thoughtful of you, in-  
deed, I'm sure!  
When you put me  
in this little box all  
alone by myself I thought perhaps you felt  
unkindly toward me, and I wondered what I  
had done to wound you. So glad to find  
that you love me still! Love me better than  
the other turkeys, don't you? What, dear me!  
all those nice things, too? Things right off your own

table! And you bring them all to me when there are so many other turkeys  
who need it so much more! Look at those poor thin things down there by  
the tree! No corn for them! No cold hominy! No crumbled biscuit or cut  
up flannel cake! Ah, feeling me under the wing, are you? Want to make  
sure that I'm all warm and comfortable; that's all, is n't it? How you do  
love me! My! you'd make me a woollen ulster if I were real cold, would  
n't you? More nice things to eat? Gracious! I never knew but one case  
like this before, and that was my brother's, and something happened to him  
about Thanksgiving. May be you don't remember? I do. You put him  
right in this same little box, and you treated him with the same thoughtful  
kindness until the box would hardly hold him. Was n't it a pity he should  
have died just when he was looking so well? That dog of yours told me  
that my brother made the meatiest bones he ever ate. Oh, yes, I'm not  
complaining of my board! What's this you're giving me now—bread-  
crumbs? No, thank you; that's too kind! I'm not quite ready for  
bread-crumbs yet! I'll fill up on them later on. Say, that dog of yours  
was down here the other day, and he asked me if he might have my head  
for a keepsake. Do you think he meant anything by it? Sho! come, now,  
you're not going away mad, are you? Come back; there's lots of things  
I want to tell you! You won't? Say! Crack the corn a little finer next  
time, won't you? They say it makes lots of difference in the second-joint.  
By-by, you damned philanthropist!



THE GREYHOUND (returning).—Well, I never!  
How that puddin'-headed pup got his head  
through that hole beats me!

SUNDERED TIES.

"I'm wedded to my art," said he,  
A man not given to exertion.  
"Then Art should seek divorce," quoth she,  
"On grounds of positive desertion."

JUDGED BY HIS LOOKS.

MISS FLYTE.—And who is that man over  
there?  
DE RIGEUR.—That is Folio. He's a book-  
worm.  
MISS FLYTE.—Ugh! I thought he must be  
something horrid.

GOT IT.

HOPGOOD.—Yes; Jobson had no peace of  
mind until he married that  
girl.

DEWBERRY.—Well, last night I heard her giv-  
ing him a piece of hers.

DAY.—Years ago Loeser fell into a fortune.  
WEEKS.—What course did he take?  
DAY.—Went right through it.

ITINERANT IKE.—So he placed you under  
arrest?

PERIPATETIC PETE.—Yes; and he made  
it as offensive as possible.

ITINERANT IKE.—How was that?

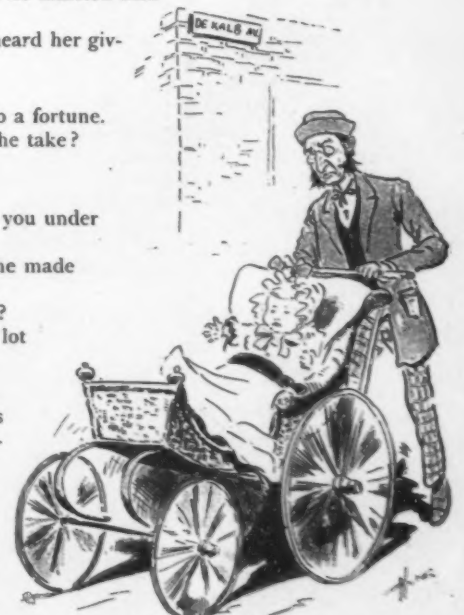
PERIPATETIC PETE.—He had a lot  
to say about my being in the toils.

MANAGER.—I wish you girls  
would begin to bang your type-  
writers.

THE GIRLS.—But you have n't  
given us anything to do yet.

MANAGER.—Never mind; just  
bang 'em. It's so deuced quiet  
here I can't think.

IF SOME men could save all the  
time they lose by hurrying, they  
would have plenty of leisure.



"THE GREAT BROOKLYN HANDICAP."

THE HARDENED WRETCH.

KEEPER.—Well, I went to see No. 337, who's been in the dark cell for the last ten days.

WARDEN.—Did he offer to behave himself if we let him out?

KEEPER.—No; he asked me to get him a small red light and a loaded kodak; he says he might as well make himself useful while he's there.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

The habits of her daily work  
Her mind so much encumber  
That when I say, "Hello, my dear!"  
She straightway shouts, "What number?"



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

I.  
SPOKESMAN.—Mr. Burnupski, we come here as a committee from Independence Engine Company No. 1 to ask your subscription toward helping us buy a new and more powerful fire-engine.

IN THE lexicon of the women, flatterers are those who say nice things to other girls.

THE FIRE of genius would blaze more brightly if it did n't have so much cold water thrown on it.

II.  
MR. BURNUPSKI (*excitedly*).—So hellup me Fadder Abram! Asks me to hellup dem puy a new undt more bowerful engine ven der oldt von put oudt four fires in mein store in der last six months!

THE SPINSTER FOILED.



IS CHRISTMAS EVE; we are alone;  
She seemeth not to know  
She stands, a moment waiting,  
Beneath the mistletoe.

As I have said, we are alone,  
The lights burn dim and low;  
She waits another moment still  
Beneath the mistletoe.

I follow her example  
In seeming not to know  
That she is standing, waiting there,  
Beneath the mistletoe.

A PREFERENCE.

BROWN.—There's a man who would rather fight than eat.

JONES.—Perhaps he's been living on boarding-house chicken.

THE AVERAGE man would rather carry a Saratoga trunk than a baby.

ONCE UPON a time a Camel, belated far from home, applied for lodging at a wayside inn.  
"Oh, certainly!" the landlord declared; "here is a bed that will cost you but ten cents, all to yourself."  
Much pleased, the Camel retired to rest.  
With the break of dawn he called his host; and, having remunerated him, pointed to the couch, saying:  
"If any one should ask you, tell him that is the straw which broke the Camel's back."  
Thereat he moved away, evincing much bodily distress.



THE LADY OR THE NECKTIE.

WATSON (*coming into COURTNEY's room*).—Why, what is the matter, old man? This revolver here. What does it mean?  
COURTNEY (*in deep dejection*).—The girl I'm engaged to has sent me this hand-painted necktie. If I don't wear it she'll be insulted and break our engagement. I can't live without her, and I can't wear the necktie.



PUCK.

BALLAD OF OLD LOVE.

WHERE IS the maid that graced the page  
Of romance writ in days of old?  
Died she out with that golden age  
When youth wooed maid with words all bold?  
She 'd hair of gold, and eyes of blue;  
She loved untaught, without a fear,  
A youth of plain good clay, and true.  
Where is the love of yester-year?

She lived to love in the olden time,  
But why she loved she could not say.  
The youth she chose could fight and rhyme—  
'T was all she asked in that far day.  
For love was life, and life was long,  
Though all too short when he was near—  
They wove the days into their song.  
Where is the love of yester-year?

Con well the tales they write us now;  
I fear you 'll find them dull and tame.  
They laugh to scorn the lover's vow,  
And blandly say that love 's a game—  
From Ibsen, who takes up a saint  
To show that saints are sometimes queer,  
To Grand, who hints that love 's a taint.  
Where is the love of yester-year?

These folk all write with ready pen  
That Arcady has been surveyed—  
Its sylvan glade and fairy glen  
No longer sought by modern maid.  
They 'd have us think that love 's an art  
Which must be learned by eye and ear—  
That maids love now with head, not heart.  
Where is the love of yester-year?

Prince, I know one with eyes to see  
All love, and voice to tell it, clear.  
She 'll not tell you; she *does* tell me—  
Where is the love of yester-year?

H. L. Wilson.



THREE-QUARTERS OF THE WAY.

HECKER.—I 'm glad to see you out again, old man. I hear you 've been very near to death's door.  
DECKER.—Yes; I went as far as the doctor's.

TOO MUCH COMPETITION.

KITTY.—Can't I put these flowers in any place where they will look pretty?  
TOM.—Not while you stay in the room with them.

NOT THAT KIND.

DRUG CLERK.—Ever try any of this borated talcum infant powder?

MR. BRIDIE (*doubtfully*).—H'm, I don't know; I don't think our baby is a borated talcum infant.

DEPENDS.

HERDSO.—They say every hearty laugh adds a day to one's life.

SAIDSO.—That depends; I had at least a week kicked out of me for laughing at a man who fell in the mud.

APTER.

"Is Cholly raising a moustache?"

"No; he is trying to begin."

NEVER LOOK a gift alligator in the mouth.

EVEN ON a bonnet a straight tip is of mighty little value.

SHAMEFUL.

CLOSEFIST.—If my daughter married you, she would have to starve.  
CLARKLETS.—That settles it; I would n't marry a girl whose father would let her starve.

GETTING SCARCE.

"Have you ever written a book?"

"No."

"By George! that 's glorious! We want you to join our club. There are only a few of us left."

"THE KING's humor is bad to-day," observed the lord high chamberlain.

"You 'd think so!" retorted the grand sheriff of the royal bed-chamber, gloomily, "if it was a part of your duty to laugh at his majesty's jokes."

MISTRESS (*severely*).—

Is it necessary for you to have a policeman in the kitchen every evening?

DOMESTIC.—I think it be, Ma'm. You must remember, Ma'm, that the last girl walked out and I have took her job.

TRAMP.—Say, boss, help a poor fellow towards getting a bed!

CITIZEN.—I have only the price of a beer in my clothes.

TRAMP.—Well, that 's all I want!



WESTERN ECONOMY.

STRANGER.—Target practice?

SETTLER.—No. Money is scarce out here; this dish-pan is worn-out and my wife wants a colander to strain her grape jelly in.



HER VIEW.

MR. PHIL OSSIFER.—What a boon to humanity it would be if we could forget the disagreeable things of this life!  
MRS. PHIL OSSIFER.—I don't think so. If I had forgotten how Mrs. Cadley slighted me at her last reception, I should n't have taken so much pleasure in snubbing her at the McGallister's ball last evening.

### HIGH LIFE IN HIGH LATITUDES.



NEWLY-WEDDED Esquimaux couple lived in a glittering little ice cottage in the far North. It was a crystal palace. The building was by Frost, the best Architect of the Arctic Circle. Though the Esquimaux and his bride lived far from the great world, they enjoyed many of the conveniences and luxuries of modern life. "Snowball cottage" and its extensive grounds were illuminated at night by electric lights. The Esquimaux wife wore furs and was accustomed to get a new sealskin sacque every month. The cottage floor was ornamented by real polar bear skins as rugs. The table ware was for the most part ivory, contributed by the walrus. As for delicate articles of food, the family could have ices almost every day in the year. For diversion, they had an excellent toboggan slide down the side of a glacier.

They owned extensive fishing privileges and a game preserve of almost boundless extent. In the Esquimaux preserves there was almost every kind of game, from an eider duck to a frozen mammoth. They possessed also an amount of crystal ice which the Manhattan Ice Company would look upon as a source of great wealth. But they were chiefly rich in the possession of many dogs.

On frosty nights the Esquimaux used to harness up his six-in-hand dog cutter and take his bride flying across the country under the *aurora borealis*, on a white road, as wide as the continent, that stretched to the North Pole.

The *aurora borealis* was much cheaper, neater, and more brilliant than wax candles. It was also safer than gas, for you could n't blow it out. They used to go to bed by it. They employed it to light up their

demesne and crystal cottage. It had merits which advertisers attribute to all lights—it was beautiful and cheap.

The happy Esquimaux couple was blessed with a son. People in more favored latitudes often talk about precocious children. He was the most precocious child any one ever heard of. He cut his teeth when he was only a day old. He learned to talk when he was only a day and a half old. At the age of twenty-one days he was a grown man. Of course a day and night in the Arctic regions are fifty-two weeks long, but this should not be permitted to detract from a pleasant story of infant precocity.

### TO HER CANDEL-STICKE.

NIGHTLIE thou art daintie prest  
By my whitelie-fingerd Swete,  
Whyles to Couche of Mayden Rest  
Thou dost guide her lyttel Feet.

Unreproched thy glauncing Light  
Gloweth on her Lips and Eyes;  
Favours give She pulseless Wight  
Which she her Trew-Love denies.

Fluttered by her thrilling Breth,  
Of thy Flaume sore jealous I!  
Blythelie wolde I welcome Deth  
So to win from her one Sigh.

As she trippes ye staires above,  
Droppeth wax on candel-case;  
So doth melte my Harte with Love  
Atte ye Sweeteness of her Face.

M. R. N.



### A BLIND CRITIC.

FRIEND.—What under the sun is that?

MCFADD.—That? That, my dear sir, is the greatest art treasure I've found in years—a genuine old master. Picked it up at an auction. "I can't see anything but a piece of dirty canvas in a frame."  
"Great Angelo! Where are your eyes? There in the corner is the artist's name as plain as day."

COMMON SENSE is a good thing in its way; but it has broken mighty few records.

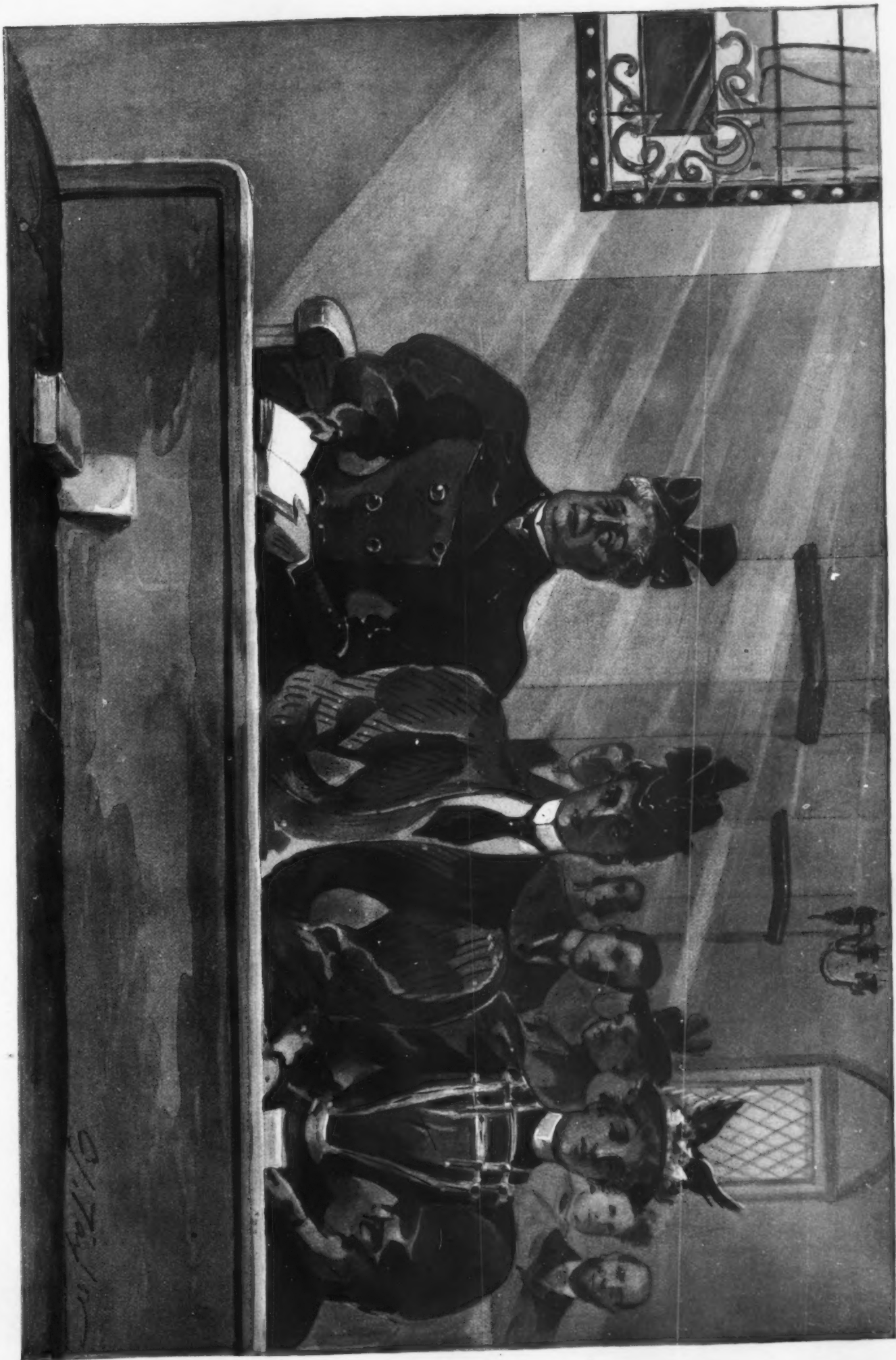
IT is well enough to make a virtue of necessity if you have no better material.



IN THE TOY SHOP.

SALESMAN.—Here is a thing that parents are giving their children. Little savings banks like this encourage them to store up their pennies.  
COHENSTEIN (inspecting it closely).—Does it pay interest?

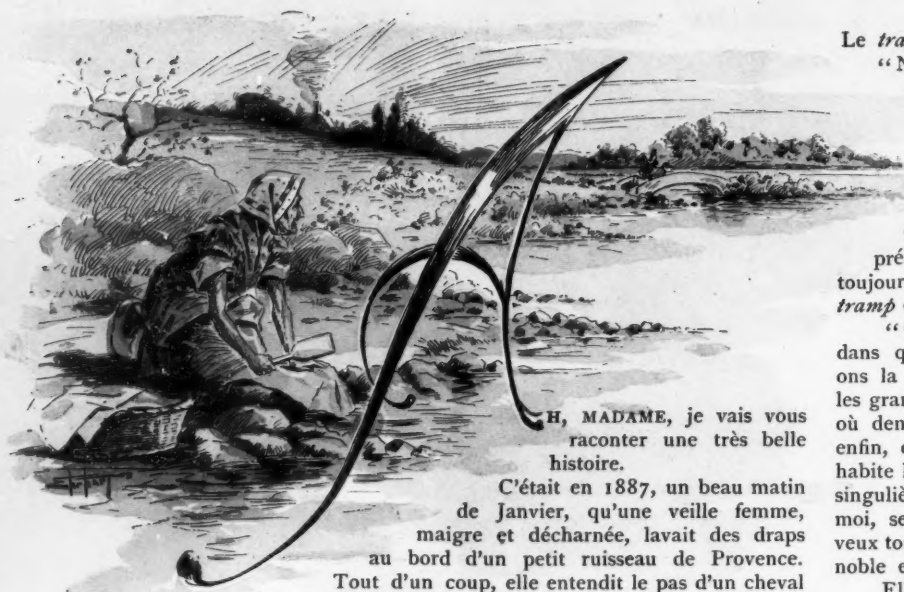




SPITE UNDER COVER.

MR. MEES.—Mrs. Sauters must have thought a great deal of her husband to erect that stained-glass window to his memory.  
 Mrs. MEES.—No; she did it to spite Mrs. Bloom and her daughters. The window is right opposite the Bloom pew, and just see what a sickly yellow and green light it casts over them during the entire service.

## AUTOUR DE MON DICTIONNAIRE FRANÇAIS.



H, MADAME, je vais vous raconter une très belle histoire.

C'était en 1887, un beau matin de janvier, qu'une veille femme, maigre et décharnée, lavait des draps au bord d'un petit ruisseau de Provence. Tout d'un coup, elle entendit le pas d'un cheval qui approchait. Elle leva la tête, et aperçut un homme.

Un homme!

Figurez-vous sa terreur!

Tremblant, elle le regarda.

Il n'y avait pas de doute: c'était un homme.

Horrible! Elle le regarda encore.

Quant à l'homme, il fixait les yeux sur la maigre femme d'un air très singulier mais très respectueux. Il avait à peu près cinquante ans; ses cheveux étaient gris; son front couvert de rides gravées par de grandes souffrances; sa figure pâle comme la neige ou comme la lueur des étoiles. Du reste, quand il fut descendu de cheval, elle s'aperçut qu'il était grand et d'un maintien majestueux.

Ils se regardaient silencieusement.

"Ah, Marie," dit-il, enfin, "ne te souviens-tu pas de moi?"

"De vous?" demanda-t-elle, terrifiée.

"Oui, de moi, de Pierre que tu aimais?"

"Pierre?" fit-elle, en bondissant; "est-il possible qu'il soit de retour, le brave garçon que j'ai cru mort en Amérique ou en Californie?"

"Oui, Marie, je suis de retour, riche comme le Comte de Monte Cristo. En Amérique on m'appelle *tramp*. Mais es-tu riche, aussi? Est-ce que tu laves ces draps pour t'amuser?"

Elle rompit en larmes. "Non, non, milord, je suis pauvre. Je ne gagne que vingt sous par jour."

Le *tramp* fit un geste de joie. "Mais tu n'es pas mariée?"

"Non, milord, je suis encore fille."

"Encore fille, encore fille! Comme je te reconnais là! Mais tu detournes les yeux. Je vois tout. Tu m'as oublié."

Elle pleurait.

"Oui, tu m'as oublié. Que vaut alors toute mon opulence, toutes mes richesses, mes grands domaines, mes châteaux en Espagne? Rien, rien! Je vais mourir."

"O Pierre, Pierre!" Et en poussant de grands sanglots elle se précipita dans ses bras. "Mais," dit-elle, "est-ce que tu m'aimes toujours? Moi si pauvre, si laide, si chétive? Toi, un grand et noble *tramp* de l'Amérique?"

"Oui, oui, Marie, je t'aimerai toujours et partout, en tout cas et dans quelque lieu que nous vivions: à New York, où nous mènerons la vie d'un prince; dans le sud, où le soleil méridional fait naître les grands arbres tropicaux; dans l'Ouest, où demeurent les boule-whackers; et, enfin, dans le nord de l'Amérique, où habite le castor dont la partie la plus singulière est la queue. Mais donne moi, seulement, un Napoléon: je veux tout jurer par l'image de notre noble empereur."

Elle lui donna la pièce. Il la prit, et fit ses vœux.

"C'est bien, Pierre," dit la femme, solennellement; "c'est bien, M. le Tramp, et je serai ta tramperatrice."

"Quelle joie!" fit-il.

"Maintenant je vais chercher le curé qui nous mariera." Et il mit l'argent dans sa poche, et s'en alla.

He has not yet returned.

Whether it was that he failed to find the curé or that he thought better of the marriage, is a difficult question. Perhaps, having been long absent from France, he had forgotten how a *s'en aller* is operated, and was unable to halt.

Until these distressing doubts are cleared away, the narrative will be suspended.

Madame, I bid you a respectful adieu.

Williston Fish.



### YE EDITOR RAGES.

FAIR SUBSCRIBER.—The "Woman's Page," in your paper, has n't appeared for a week.

EDITOR.—I have dropped it.

"You have? Why?"

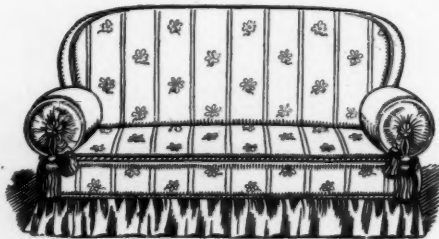
"Because my wife insisted on trying all the cooking recipes, and adopting all the fool suggestions to be found in it; that's why."

### NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

FRIEND.—Does Arthur smoke?

SWEET GIRL.—No; he never smoked in his life, and he has promised that if I marry him he will never learn. Is n't he noble?

### AN INANIMATE LOVE STORY.



Darlington's sofa is new. So is the young man who is calling on his daughter, Daisy.

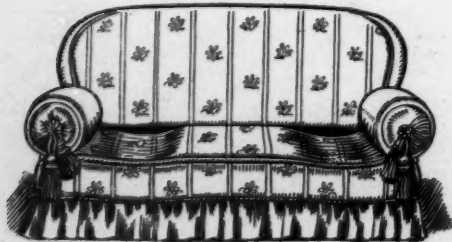
### ALL ALIKE.

MR. GRUMPS (*reading*).—"When the mother-in-law of the Mikado of Japan falls ill, he calls in four hundred and twenty-three doctors to treat her."

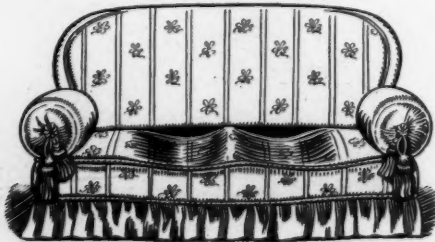
MRS. GRUMPS.—The brute!

YOU CAN always tell by the heroic way in which a paying teller hands out money, that it is not his own.

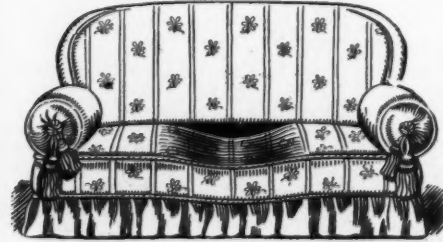
IT IS more difficult to go to sleep on a sleeping coach than it is to keep awake on a midnight way train.



The sofa, after having sustained the first month of courting.



At the end of the third month.



At the end of the fourth month. They will be married in the Spring.



# A FORTUNATE FALLING OUT.



"The snow 's come down so sudden-like  
I've had ter fix the sled

Like this, because the cutter 's broke,"  
The bashful Deacon said.



"La, me! I hain't perticular,"  
She said, "and I don't mind;"

And so the Deacon drove in front,  
The Widder sat behind.



And thus, to prayer-meeting bound,  
They speed upon their way;

Till down a hill the Widder felt  
The pesky box give way.



The bottom reached, then up again  
As steep a hill they go;

Old Dobbin jerks, the Widder lands  
Kerplunk! back in the snow.



Upon the top the Deacon turns,  
The first time for the ride;

He finds that he is all alone,  
And gazes stupefied.



Then back a ways, in dire dismay,  
At once he hurries fast,

To find in this predicament  
The Widder safe at last.



He grasps her by her two plump hands,  
And, with a mighty lift,

He pulls her frightened, blushing, too,  
From out the heavy drif.



Then off once more they briskly go  
Like this; and people say

That night the Deacon popped at last —  
The wedding 's set for May.

PUCK.

# THE LILAC BALL • WALHALLA HALL



## A Ballad of the Bowery

WALHALLA HALL, Walhalla Hall, jest off der Bowery,  
Night of der Mask and Civia Ball of der Lilac Coterie.  
An' I wuz dere an' she wuz dere, wit' ninety couples more;  
But, say! No one was anywhere when Gertie took der floor  
Wit' me, wit' me ter represent a jockey from der track,  
An' her as "Night," wit' big gilt stars all spangled on her black.  
We did der pivot out o' sight, der chain waltz — dat wuz grand!  
While keepin' perfec' time an' step to Ikey Goldstein's Band.

Walhalla Hall, Walhalla Hall, jest off der Bowery,  
Wit' swell mugs standin' 'gainst der wall an' lookin' on der see  
W'ot downtown social life wuz like, an' holler out "Success!"  
We copped 'em all, dat's right, sure, Mike! When I took der floor  
Wit' me, wit' me wot's won four times der prize at Jones's Wood.  
An' her, me loidy fren', each time, wot waites just as good.  
The cal'sum light jest follered us; we made de edder's good.  
An' watch us do der Boston Dip to Ikey Goldstein's Band.

Walhalla Hall, Walhalla Hall, some fresh mugs gettin' gay,  
One geezer givin' Gert a stall an' me not far away;  
Sez he, "Come, kiss yer honey boy!" I waited fer no more,  
But give me coat to Mickey Foy — an' Gertie took der floor  
Wit' me, wit' me ter back her up; an' can I scrap? Well, some!  
One gent I hit went troo' der band and busted in der drum.  
Fer Gertie is a loidy, respec' she must command,  
D'ough it busts up a Lilac Ball and Ikey Goldstein's Band.

Roy L. McCardell.

## THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

HE. — It's wonderful, the establishment Nicknax & Co. have.  
I remember when the concern rented a small store in Grand  
Street. I don't understand how  
they ever succeeded in build-  
ing up such a trade.



SHE. — Why, they sell  
everything below cost!

## SATISFIED.

"And so your  
husband is richer  
than you supposed  
he was?"

"Yes, indeed!  
Why, he can af-  
ford to keep a  
wife. I certainly  
did not expect him  
to be able to do that."

## WELL STOCKED.

With her sweet, pen-  
sive face she came and  
sat beside her father.

"ALL UP WITH HIM."

"Papa," she whispered, "Alfred and I are two souls  
with but a single thought."

The old man stroked her golden hair.

"My child," he said, reassuringly, "don't be discour-  
aged. That's one more than your mother and I had when we  
were married."

Then he gave her his blessing.

## NOT YET WEDDED.

WIFE. — I thought that couple walking ahead of us were married, but  
they are not.

HUSBAND. — How do you know?

WIFE. — She stopped to look into a shop-window, and he stopped and  
looked, too.



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## IT WAS NO CHROMO.

NOORITCH. — Here, sir, is a painting by Corot that I bought for four  
thousand dollars; regular bargain, too. What do you think of it?

CONNIZER. — H'm! Are you sure its genuine?

NOORITCH. — Of course it is! I don't know much about art, but  
I'm able to tell a hand-painted picture from a chromo, I guess!



WHEN JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN.



The skies were bright, the fields were white,  
Then ho ! for sport and fun ; —  
The hound sedate at steady gait  
And Johnny with his gun.



Quick at his feet a rabbit fleet  
Bounds from his hidden lair,  
The boy in fright jumps at the sight,  
The shot goes in the air



The rabbit fleet with hurried feet  
Turns from the traveled road,  
And round a tree then darteth he  
While Johnny stops to load.



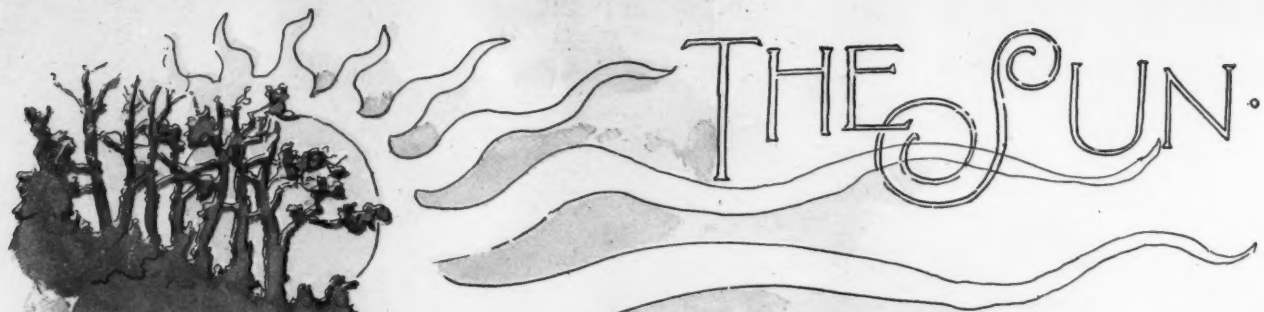
Around and round go game and hound ;  
The anxious Johnny hurries  
To get a shot upon the spot,  
Ere off the rabbit skurries.



And in his haste, no time to waste,  
He lets the ramrod stick —  
'T is nip and tuck — he trusts to luck  
And pulls the trigger quick.



A loud report, the hound stops short —  
Away goes merry bun —  
[.-.-.-] Oh, woe the day  
That Johnny got his gun !



# THE SUN.

## A Boy's Thought.

I THINK the sun is a golden egg  
That 's laid by the black hen, night;  
And that is what makes the roosters crow  
As soon as they see its light.

I see it now o'er the eastern hill  
Through the tangled wild wood peep;  
And I am sure that the black hen, night,  
On her perch is fast asleep.

The hens all cackle with wild delight  
While the door of the coop 's unlatched;  
And out of that great big golden egg  
I know that the day is hatched.

R. K. M.



## THEY KEEP ON.

That mistletoe with man and maid  
Plays havoc, who can doubt it?  
For kissing, started by its aid,  
Continues now without it.

## RAILING AT HER.

POLLY.—Who was that fright you were with last night?

CHOLLY.—Oh, that was Fred Banks's step-sister!

DOLLY.—His step-sister? That accounts for her vacant stares, I suppose?

A THING OF beauty is a joy until the cost-price leaks out.

MANY A man's money burns a hole in another man's pocket.

SANDS.—It does n't strike me that your play has a very strong plot.

QUILPIN.—It has n't any; I am saving that to induce a manager to read it.

## BEFORE HYMEN'S COURT.

Guilty of love in the first degree,  
I bow my head for the penalty;  
Asking but that — an humble plea —  
My accomplice be sentenced along with me.

Roe L. Hendrick.

## A DEFENSE.

ROBBY.—Mama, if Santa Claus is such a good man why does he give so many more presents to rich children than he does to the poor ones?

MOTHER.—Because it takes so much more to please a rich child than it does a poor one, my son.

NO DEFENDANT has yet thought of entering a plea of bad digestion.

ALL THINGS come to him who waits; but not if he expects to take a seat while he waits.

IT WOULD be a great blessing if one could n't borrow trouble without security.





PREPARED FOR IT.

HUSBAND (*about to appear as Santa Claus*).—What are these things?—merely a few simple precautions, my dear!—the papers reported fifty-two fires caused by Christmas trees, last year!



A PRACTICAL VIEW.

MISS ROMANTIC.—I think an open fire is so lovely! One sees such fairy pictures in the flickering lights and glowing embers!

YOUNG BONDER.—Yes; but ninety-five per cent. of the heat goes up the chimney.

AN HISTORICAL SCENE.

**T**HERE WAS supreme rejoicing in the camp of the French Army, which had but that day been led to victory by their great chief-tain, Joan of Arc, and which was now encamped upon ground won at overwhelming odds from a heretofore successful opponent. The celebration of their victory was carried on with delirious ardor. Patriotism, greed and wine, all contributed to arouse the wild enthusiasm which the soldiers exhibited. Forgetful of their exhaustion, they rushed from camp-fire to camp-fire, and again and again drained bumpers to Joan, the great captain—the Savior of France!

There was one group of huge fighting men, each of whom bore one or more of blood-stained bandages, among whom the rejoicing was of the highest. Yet in this group was one who sat silent.

Presently his abstraction (for he seemed deep in thought) was noticed.

One of his fellows fetched him a mighty stroke on his broad shoulder, and cried, "Ho! thou dreamer! Art so soon befuddled with a drop of wine?"

Another cried, "He fain would dream of the sheep he once did tend. Perchance, he wished many times this day that he was still amongst them."

"Not so, thou prattler!" interrupted a third; "my soul would be burning now had he not been in the fight. Come, Comrade," and the speaker turned to the silent one; "drink a toast with me to our great leader. Didst not see how she fought, man?"

"Aye, marry, I did!" slowly answered the other. "I saw her fight. Aye, I saw her fight! And when she was a shepherd maid, I strove to wed her. Aye, I marked me well how she did fight!" And he arose and strolled away, that he might be alone with his thoughts.

L. B.

HER TASTE.

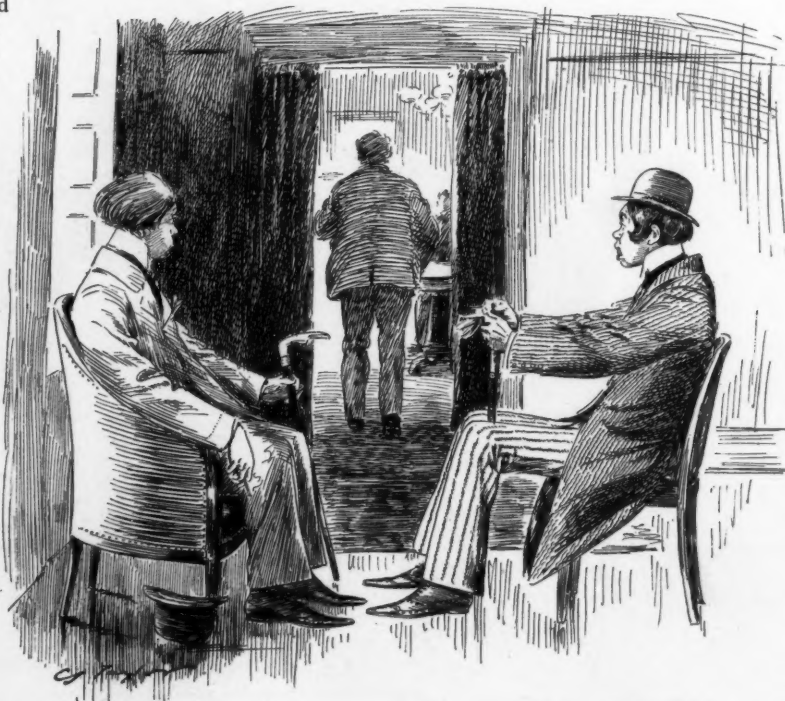
MRS. MERRITT (*at the menagerie*).—What beautiful spots the leopard has, my dear!

MRS. COBWIGGER.—They are just too lovely for anything! If I could find some silk just like his skin I would make my husband some neckties for Christmas.

A CHOICE.

'Twixt the lady and the tiger were I ordered to decide,  
In their friends and dear acquaintances I'd certainly confide;  
If the lady were a tiger, I am sure that I'd keep shady,  
And prefer the other's mercies—if the tiger were a lady!

Roe L. Hendrick.



ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

CHOLLY.—That fellah said a real nice thing to me.

CHAPPY.—What was it, ole boy?

CHOLLY.—Bah jove, he called me an English ass, don't ye know.





A FATAL BREACH.

VON BLUMER.—My wife made me a present of that chifftoniere for Christmas, and now we don't speak.

PLANKINGTON.—What's the matter?

VON BLUMER.—I put some of my collars in it.

THE FAIRY Prince sneered.

"Here's another romance concerning us," he remarked; "with that same old garbled ending."

The Fairy Princess stopped her sewing machine.

"I wish," she said, spitefully, "those authors would send a committee to call on us some morning when your pancakes are cold."



A JONAH.

ALKALI IKE (at an Oklahoma ball).—I'm goin' home!

HOST.—Why, what is the matter, Ike?

ALKALI IKE.—There is an Eastern dude yere to-night with his hair parted in the middle. I never yet attended a dance whur a dude with his hair parted in the middle was present, that somebody did n't git shot before the festivities were over. I'm goin' to take myself out of temptation.

NOT QUITE SATISFACTORY.

LORD HAMERCY.—I come to ask your daughter's hand, Mr. Pursey. As you are doubtless aware, I am the heir of one of the oldest houses in England.

MR. PURSEY.—Jesso! Well, of course, if you marry Matilda, you'll have to put up a new one with all modern improvements! My daughter's not going to live in no log shanty.

A GENIUS.

"Willy has just solved a most difficult problem."

"Has he?"

"Yes; he's discovered how to be a hero to his valet."

"What is his scheme?"

"He's his own valet."

WHEN MAN begins to climb too fast  
With all his heart and soul,  
Invariably he finds at last  
He's climbed into a hole.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

PREACHER (sadly).—Young man, if I had smoked cigars when I was your age, I never would have been a minister of the gospel.

THE YOUNG MAN (between puffs, sympathetically).—Too bad, Mister! Think you're too old to reform?

THE RICH AUNT.

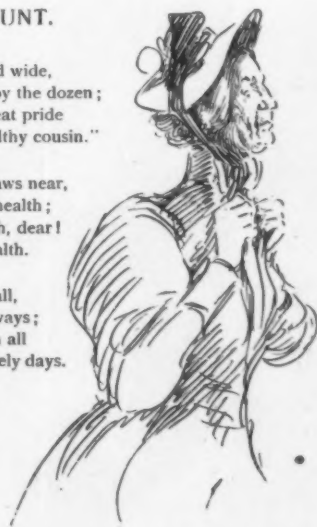
SHE HAS relations far and wide,  
Nephews and nieces by the dozen;  
And elder kin who take great pride  
In speaking of "our wealthy cousin."

And so, when Christmas time draws near,  
They anxious grow about her health;  
But not with selfish thoughts—oh, dear!  
They never think about her wealth.

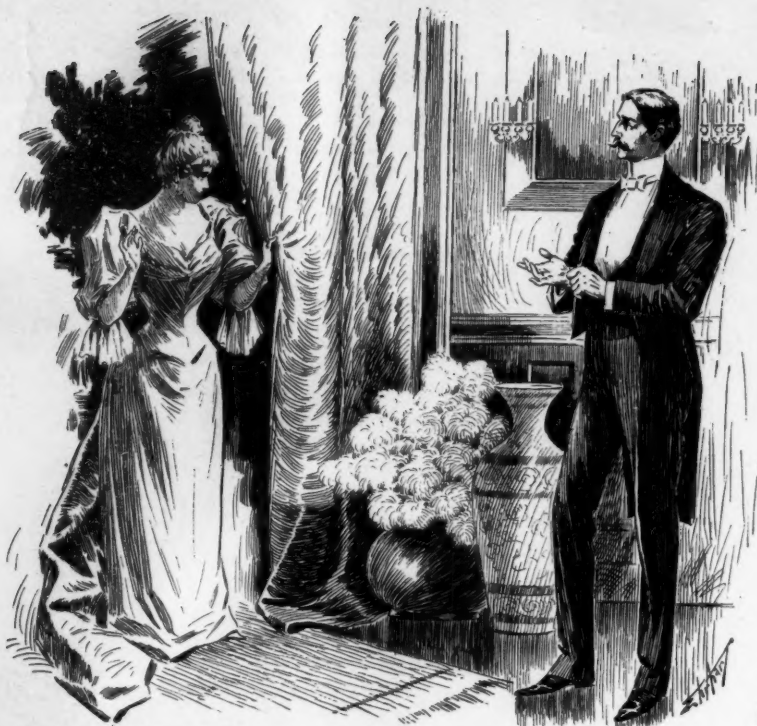
They send her messages and call,  
They show respect in many ways;  
She gets fond wishes from them all  
To cheer her through her lonely days.

And Christmas Eve, while falls the snow,  
She dons her ancient wraps and hat,  
This Lady Bountiful, to go  
And buy a collar for her cat!

R. L. M.



WHEN A FARMER wants to dress up, he puts on shoes and smokes a cigar.



WHAT SHE KNEW.

INNIT.—What's that? You want to give another party? Do you know what your last party cost?

MRS. INNIT.—No; but I know what Mrs. De Style's last party cost.

AN ACCOMPLISHED ARTIST.

FIRST RESTAURATEUR.—How do you like your new chef?

SECOND RESTAURATEUR.—Oh, he's a daisy! He can serve up hash under seventeen different names.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE GAS-STOVE.

Unless his ways are altered,  
Which one must hope of him,  
If he comes down our gas-tube  
Our Christmas will be slim.



II.

"May be y'r Uncle don't know a few things!"

THE BARBARIAN'S ADVANTAGE.

She nestled closer, and her look was eloquent of trust.

"But the savage," she argued, "is not called upon to make the sacrifices for love that are required of the civilized man."

A sudden fear chilled his heart.

"Ah, yes!" he faltered; "bread grows for him."

His eyes were riveted in a stony stare upon the cooking-school diploma just above the door.

MULCAHEY ON SWEARING OFF.

"Begorra! I'm glad thot Christmas Day

Comes jist *ferinst* New Year;

For if it wor dthe other way,

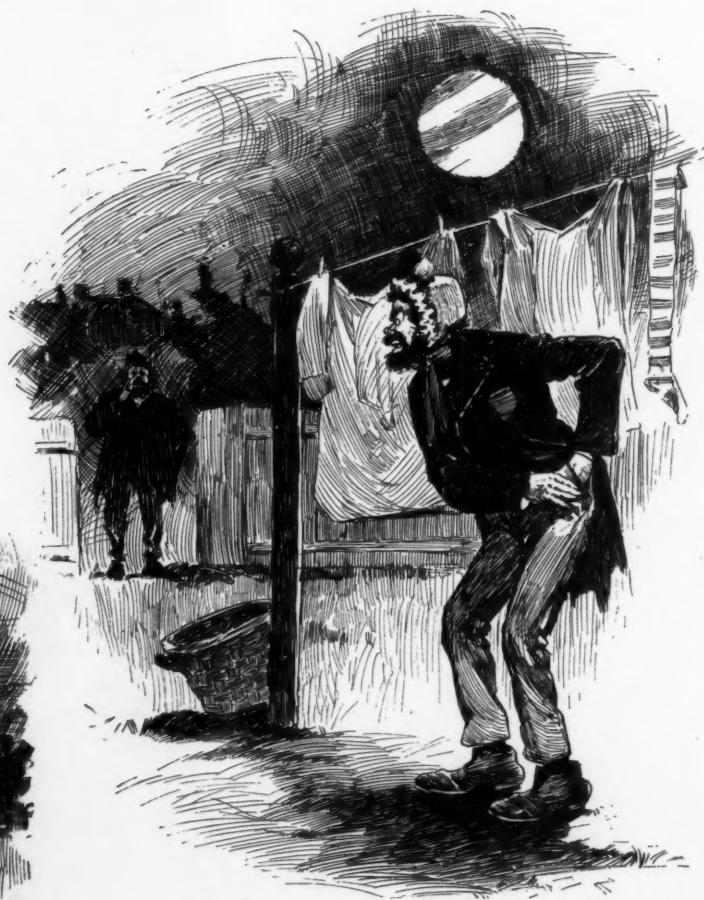
No punch we'd have, I fear.

A MUCH-NEEDED INSTITUTION.

MRS. RUSHOLME (*of Lonesomehurst*).—I'm so glad that the village council have decided to have a regular uniformed police force, like the city.

MR. RUSHOLME.—Quite an unnecessary thing, my dear, in a quiet, rural place like this.

MRS. RUSHOLME.—How can you say so, George? You know how impossible it is now to get a cook to stay with us!



FROZEN CLOTHES.

I.

INDOLENT IVORS.—Come on! Ye can't git anything there; they're all froze stiff.

FRIGID FAGAN.—Wait till I cut this here rope!

HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

SHE.—We are going to have a candy pull at my house to-night. Won't you come?

HE.—Certainly. How much candy shall I bring?

[T IS easier to cut fresh bread with a spoon than to profit by the advice of one who dispenses it gratis.



"BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING;"

OR, HOW THE WICKED WIZARD MADE A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.



THE WIZARD sat within his cell,  
Enragéd at the noise  
That came in from the street without,  
From romping girls and boys.



And while the children, laughing loud,  
Have still no thought of harm,  
He quick proceeds, with wicked will,  
To work a magic charm.



The charm is put upon some cakes:  
Then goes he to the street,  
And to each noisy boy and girl  
He giveth one to eat.



And soon his magic does its work —  
The baleful spell is cast —  
*Into a cat!* each boy and girl  
Now soon is changing fast.



The wizard then laughs long and loud,  
And cries in wicked glee:  
"Henceforth the noise that you may make  
Will never bother me."



But every night those children-cats  
Did make that wizard rue  
That he had cast a baleful spell  
Which he could not undo





# A New and Magnificently Illustrated LIFE OF NAPOLEON

*Will be the great feature, in 1895, of*

## THE CENTURY MAGAZINE



THE CENTURY is famous for its great historical serials, and never in its history has a greater one been projected than this new "Life of Napoleon," written by **Prof. William M. Sloane**, of Princeton, who has spent many years in preparation for his work. The interest in Napoleon has had recently a revival that is phenomenal in its intensity. Thus far no biography of "the man of destiny" has appeared in either English or French that is free from rancor and attentive to the laws of historical criticism. **The Century has secured it—the great all-round, complete and interesting history** of the life of one of the most marvelous of men.

*What history are you going to read this year? Why not this?*

No matter how much you already know of Napoleon, you will enjoy it;—here is the concentration of all the lives and memoirs. **The illustrations will be magnificent**—the wealth of **The Century's** art department will be lavished upon them. Two members of the staff have just returned from Paris, where they have been securing all that is best of Napoleonic material. New portraits will be printed, great historical paintings reproduced, and Castaigne and other modern artists have drawn anew some of the great scenes of Napoleon's life for this history. **Don't miss it.** Besides this, **The Century** will print a powerful novel of Italian life by **Marion Crawford** (beginning in November, 1894, as does the Napoleon life), novelettes by **Mrs. Burton Harrison** and others, illustrated articles on "Washington in Lincoln's Time" by **Noah Brooks**, stories by all the leading writers, etc.

**THE CHRISTMAS CENTURY**, ready everywhere December 1st, is a superbly illustrated number, full of Christmas stories, Christmas pictures, and Christmas poems. Among its contents is Rudyard Kipling's first American story, a delightful satire called "A Walking Delegate." The price of **The Century** is \$4.00 a year, 35 cents a number. "No home is complete without it." Whatever other magazines you may take, you must have **The Century**.

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# Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

Ah! what a warning this should be to millions of America's men who are daily tearing down their naturally strong physical and nervous system. Do you smile when we say that the use of tobacco is not a "habit" but a disease? Stop a moment! Did you not educate yourself to use tobacco? Did not take to it naturally? Well no! And now you want it—why? Because tobacco tastes good? No, but to gratify a desire hard to explain, and only satisfied by nicotine.

**LIFE'S SHORT!** The use of tobacco makes it shorter. We want to say right here that we have not the time, much less the inclination, to preach printed sermons for the sake of making a man quit tobacco, if he doesn't know that it hurts him. We want to talk to the man who realizes that he is tobacco spitting and smoking his life away; who wants to stop and can't. Do you ever stop and think that tobacco produces a diseased condition of the nervous system—so much so, that you are compelled from time to time, to feed the never ceasing demands with tobacco, and that you may have, like millions of other men,

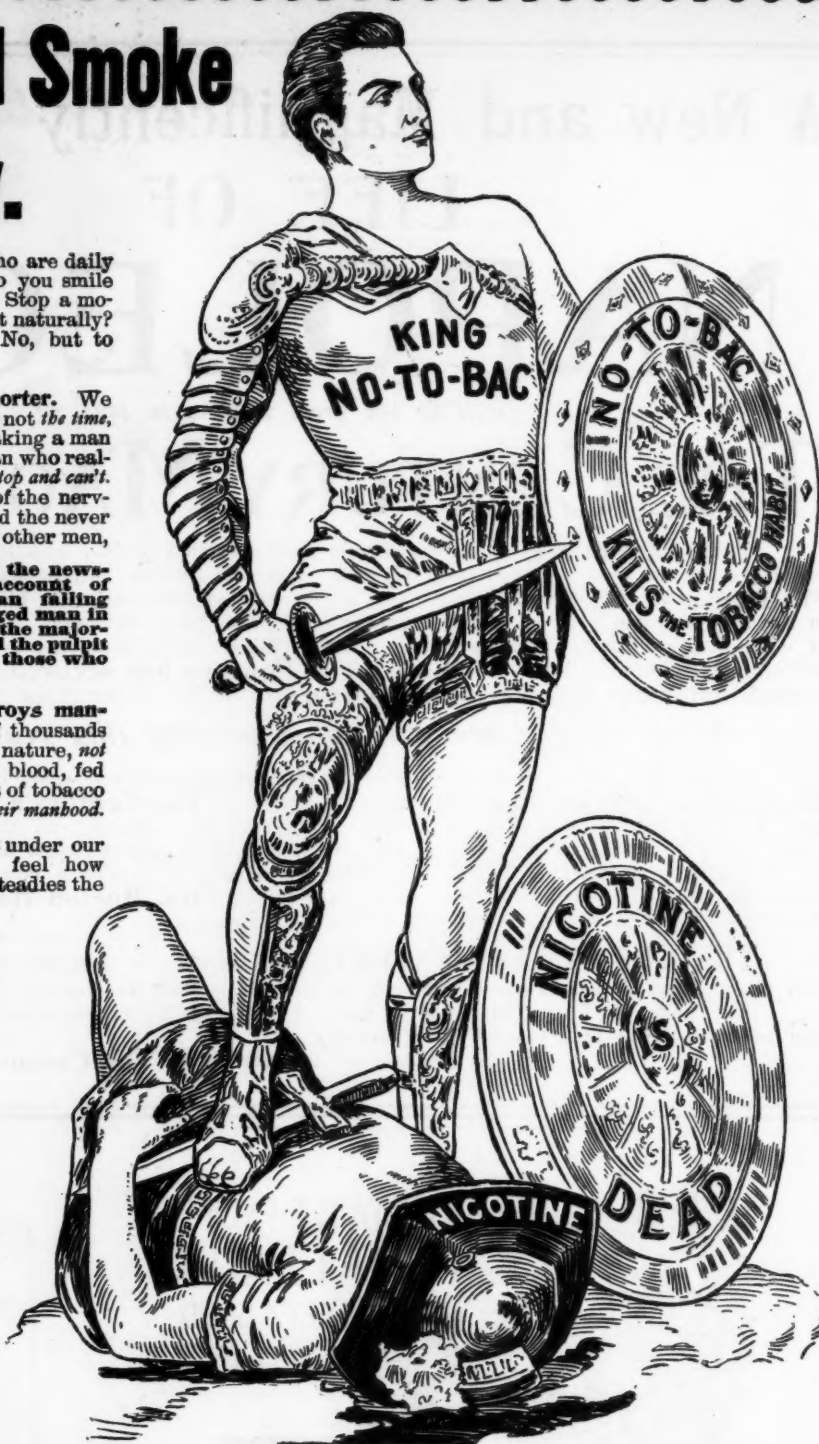
**A TOBACCO HEART?** Nearly every day the newspapers give an account of some eminent man falling suddenly dead at his desk from heart disease. As a rule no middle-aged man in active business dies thus suddenly unless poisoned, and that poison, in the majority of cases, is tobacco. Meanwhile the slaughter goes on. The press and the pulpit seem muzzled, the majority being participants in the popular vice, and those who are not seem hypnotized and afraid to speak out.

**VITALITY NICOTINIZED!** Tobacco destroys manhood. Tens of thousands of men feel the darkening clouds of early decline upon them because nature, not exhausted naturally, but burdened with the taking care of tobacco-poisoned blood, fed day and night, has surely and slowly succumbed to the frightful effects of tobacco upon the vital forces, that makes strong men IMPOTENT and destroys their manhood.

**YOU ASK FOR PROOF?** Test No-To-Bac under our absolute guarantee; feel how quick No-to-bac kills the desire for tobacco, eliminates the nicotine, steadies the nerves, increases the weight, makes the blood pure and rich and tingling with new life and energy. Hundreds of letters from aged men testify to years of tobacco slavery, and tell how No-to-bac destroyed tobacco's power and brought back feelings long since dead, while sensations of a younger existence once more warmed the cockles of the old man's heart. Gloomy days were gone, the sunshine was brighter; the warbles of the little birds all spoke of love; the old man made young again—happy.

**IT IS TRUE, NO-TO-BAC DOESN'T CURE EVERYONE.**

What's the use of telling a lie to get caught at it? You know and so do we, that the claim "never fails to cure" is a quack lie, and fraud's talk. We do business with the good American people, appreciate their patronage, and give value received. Our guarantee is clean cut and to the point. Read it. We would rather have the good will of the occasional failure than his money. We talk about this for your own sake and to protect you from frauds and thieves—the meanest kind of thieves, who would rob you within the pale of the law. They go just far enough in the imitation of No-to-bac to practice a fraud on you and escape prosecution. Beware of the man who says, just as good as NO-TO-BAC, for it stands alone, backed by men of national business reputation and integrity, personally known to the publisher of this paper, who also is ready to indorse our guarantee. Send for our beautifully illustrated work entitled "King No-To-Bac—His Work in America," and read of the thousands not only cured of the tobacco habit, but made strong, vigorous and manly in strength, weight and vitality once again. You run no risk. No-to-bac is guaranteed to cure or money refunded.



## TENS OF THOUSANDS OF TRUTHFUL TESTIMONIALS

Have been received from enthusiastic users of NO-TO-BAC. We print a few to show how NO-TO-BAC does the work. We do not want our testimonials doubted, for they are truth—pure and simple. We know it and propose to back them up by offering a reward of \$5,000 to anyone who can prove that any testimonial published is false, or that we have knowingly and willingly caused to be printed testimonials that do not, so far as we know, represent the honest opinion of the writers.

### Tobacco Caused Consumption—No-To-Bac Cures the Tobacco Habit and Consumptive Gets Well.

TWO RIVERS, Wis. Feb. 2.—[Special.]—Great excitement and interest has been manifested in the recovery of an old-time resident of this town, Mr. Joseph Bunker, who has for several years been considered by all his friends a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco-habit cure called "No-To-Bac." Talking about his miraculous recovery to-day he said: "Yes, I used No-To-Bac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought, and so did all my friends, that I had consumption. Now they say, as you say, 'how healthy and strong you look, Joe,' and whenever they ask

me what cured my consumption, I tell them No-To-Bac. The last week I used tobacco I lost four pounds. The morning I began the use of No-To-Bac I weighed 274 pounds; to-day I weigh 122, a gain of 152 pounds. I eat heartily and sleep well. Before I used No-To-Bac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I had to hold the glass in both hands. To-day my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get No-To-Bac? All the druggists in town keep it. I have recommended it to over one hundred people, and do not know of a single failure to cure. [This special telegram appeared in over 3,000 papers of the Western Union Association.]

### Cigarette Habit and Tobacco Cough Gone.

OFFERMAN, GA. March 16, 1894. GENTLEMEN:—I was an inveterate cigarette smoker, consuming an

average of fifty daily. I was never seen without one in my mouth. Since taking No-To-Bac the desire is gone with that everlasting cough. I feel simply fine. I am sure that No-To-Bac is all you claim, and more, too. Yours truly, JOS. HAGAR.

### Brother Editors Say, "We Chewed and Smoked 40 Years—Now Cured and Happy."

VERONA, MO., March 23, 1894. DEAR SIR:—We smoked and chewed tobacco for 40 years. February 3, 1892, we commenced using No-To-Bac. We have no desire now for the "weed" in any form, and feel much better in every way. Boys, take No-To-Bac. J. B. W. & P. H. A. BENNINGTON, Editors "Sentinel."

### No-To-Bac Makes My Nerves Strong.

PATTERSON, PA., June 13, 1894. GENTLEMEN:—One box No-To-Bac entirely cured me of the tobacco habit and strengthened my nerves, built up my system and increased my weight. I now praise No-To-Bac to my friends and all tobacco users. Yours sincerely, WESLEY L. ZEIDERS.

### Three North Carolinians Cured.

NEUSE, N. C., May 1, 1894. GENTLEMEN:—Your No-To-Bac has completely cured myself, S. P. Hatch and W. A. Green of this place. Mr. Green has used tobacco in every form for thirty years. I had used it for 15 years. We are all gaining in flesh every day. No-To-Bac is truly worth its weight in gold. Yours truly, J. T. HUNTER.

### OUR GUARANTEE IS PLAIN AND TO THE POINT.

Three boxes of NO-TO-BAC, 30 day's treatment, costing \$2.50, or a little less than 10c a day, used according to simple directions, is guaranteed to cure the tobacco habit in any form, Smoking, Chewing, Snuff and Cigarette Habit, or money refunded by us to dissatisfied purchaser. We don't claim to cure everyone, but the percentage of cures is so large and reliable and will that we can better afford to have the good will of the occasional failure than his money. We have faith in NO-TO-BAC, and if you try it you will find that NO-TO-BAC is to you Worth Its Weight in Gold.

### WHERE TO BUY OR ORDER NO-TO-BAC.

Sold by every wholesale and retail druggist in the U. S. and Canada, or sent by mail anywhere on receipt of price—1 box, \$1; 3 boxes, \$2.50. Remit in any convenient form. Our president, Mr. A. L. Thomas, is a member of the great advertising firm of Lord & Thomas, Chicago. Our secretary is Mr. P. T. Barry of the Chicago Newspaper Union, Chicago. Our treasurer is Mr. H. L. Kramer, general manager of the Indiana Springs Company, owners of the famous Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.—the only place where magnetic mineral mud baths are given for the cure of rheumatism. We mention this to assure you that remittances will be properly accounted for, that our GUARANTEE WILL BE MADE GOOD AND YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED. BE SURE when you write to mention this paper, and address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 95, LABORATORY, INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, IND. CHICAGO OFFICE, 45 Randolph St. NEW YORK OFFICE, 10 Spruce St. MONTREAL, CAN., 274 St. Paul St.



For all  
Facial  
Blemishes



**ASHAMED TO BE SEEN** because of disfiguring facial blemishes is the condition of thousands who live in ignorance of the fact that in CUTICURA SOAP is to be found the purest, sweetest, and most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world. For pimples, blackheads, red and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes, it is wonderful.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

No Sediment.



## Attention

is directed to the facts about  
**EVANS' India Pale Ale and Brown Stout**

They are brewed from the highest grade Malt and Hops obtainable, and pure spring Water. They never vary in quality. They are allowed two years in the wood to ripen before bottling, to insure prime condition. They are absolutely free from false ferments and harmful acidity, and contain no sediment. Lastly they are bottled by improved methods at the Brewery.

Need you have any hesitancy in trying a tonic possessing such health-giving qualities?

**C. H. EVANS & SONS,**  
Established 1786.  
Brewery and Bottling Works,  
Hudson, N. Y.

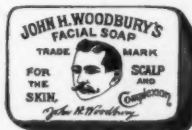
Let us make you a new face



WHO IS IT?

If you have a red nose, pimples, freckles, moles, warts, wens, cysts, tattoo marks, birth marks, superfluous hair, dandruff, wrinkles, or any mark or blemish

on, in or under your skin, call or write the largest institution in the world. Established over 20 years. Regular registered physicians, specially skilled in treating skin diseases and removing facial blemishes. Thousands of patients from all parts of the world treated annually. Consultation free.



## JOHN H. WOODBURY Dermatological Institute.

1216 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Address all Correspondence to  
11 Winter St., Boston, Mass. MAIN OFFICE:  
Champlain Building, Chicago, Ill. 127 W. 42d St., New York.  
Union Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

John H. Woodbury is the inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap for the Skin, Scalp and Complexion—a pure antiseptic, medicinal toilet soap for daily use. It embodies, as far as soap can, the soothing, healing, preserving elements that 20 years' practical experience treating the skin have proven most beneficial. A book on Dermatology with each cake. Druggists sell it.

IN BUSINESS.

"What does he do for a living?"  
"His wife takes in boarders."

RESIGNED.

The damp of death was already upon his brow.

"Only think," sobbed his wife; "won't you be glad to meet dear Mama on the other shore?"

His eyes opened feebly.

"Yes; I'm—"

They bent low to catch the last words of the departing soul.

"—just dying to see her."

A hard, relentless look settled upon his features.

## Some Rare Old Violins At a Bargain.

If you want a genuine old violin, an instrument possessing that delicious mellow tone, found only in old violins, at from \$25 to \$200, write to us immediately.

**LYON & HEALY,**  
30-40 Adams Street, Chicago.

Our catalogue, "Rare Old Violins," containing full descriptions of several hundred fine specimens, will be sent (free) upon application. Violins are sent on one week's trial.

WANTED THE DATA.

HE.—Will you marry me when the roses bloom again?

SHE.—How much did your conservatory cost?

"WHAT WE want," said the party with the lawn-mower "is a man who can make a blade of grass grow where two grew before."

For all forms of disordered stomach

Use Bromo-Seltzer  
—a palatable cure.



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## HARD TIMES.

SANTA CLAUS (in Florida, gasping).—Phew! If it was n't for disappointing the children, bless me if I'd come down to this pesky climate at all! No snow for my reindeers, the thermometer at 90, and forced by tradition to climb up to the roof and down through the chimney. Drat it!

After a night with the boys

Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.

For a METAL POLISH nothing equals

"BARKEEPERS' FRIEND."



for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

CARLOS MARTIN, D. D.,  
New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

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125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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## Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

## Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. Send for pamphlet. Free. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.



# 10¢

will, for a short time, secure this handsome silk watch fob, with a guaranteed gold plated buckle. This offer is made as a means of making you acquainted with the Harris Wire Buckle Suspender, the Harris Garter for men, and other of the famous

*Harris Patents*

about which we will send you an interesting illustrated book. We pay the postage. Wire Buckle Suspender Co., (M. O. Dept.) Williamsport, Pa.



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You want the right policy in the right company.

The cleanest, most liberal policy is issued by the best claim-paying company.

A \$10,000 policy costs \$24 per year.

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**BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND METAL POLISH.**

Best and cheapest. 1-lb. box 50c. at dealers. Sample free. G. W. HOFFMAN, Mfg., 292 E. Wash. St., Indianapolis.

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## A BOX OF MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water



"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

Delightful for the Handkerchief,  
Bath, or General Toilet Use.

Soothing and Cooling after Shaving.

JUST THE THING  
FOR EITHER A LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

Ask your Druggist for it.



The annual "Blue Book," just issued by TIFFANY & Co., the New York Jewelers and Silversmiths, is the most concise and complete catalogue of this character that we have ever seen, and from cover to cover is replete with valuable suggestions of holiday-gifts.

### A LOGICAL INFERENCE.

"The world owes me a living."  
"How much did you steal?"

"ON SECOND thought did you still love the girl?"

"No."  
"Then you will shake her."

"I don't know. I had married her in the meanwhile."

### VIN MARIANI.

We need not enter into a full description of the history of Coca, as we believe that most medical men are fully acquainted with the principal facts concerning the plant. We may, however, recall to mind that the leaf is the only part of the plant used. Very much depends, therefore, upon the plucking of the leaf, and the time at which it is plucked; the subsequent care of the leaf being a matter of considerable importance, and affecting very materially the preparations made from it. M. Mariani was the first in Europe who took up the study of the plant, and over 30 years ago commenced manufacturing for the medical profession the various specialties associated with his name, viz., "Vin Mariani," "Elixir Mariani," "Pâte Mariani," "Thé Mariani," "Pastilles Mariani," etc., preparations which are known all over the world, and which have acquired their well known reputation by their purity and efficacy. The stimulating and strengthening property of the leaf in its natural state has been tested by experienced travelers and botanists during several centuries, and it is this invigorating property which the physician wishes to bring into use, and which he is enabled to do in a palatable form by means of "Vin Mariani," this wine being indicated where there is great depression, long-continued exhaustion, and where a special stimulative action is desired. "Vin Mariani" is agreeable, palatable, imparting by its diffusibility an agreeable warmth over the whole body, and exciting functional activity of the cerebro-spinal nerve centres. We have frequently prescribed this wine, and we can, from practical experience, recommend it.—*The Provincial Medical Journal, London, Eng.*

## THE "DALMEYER" 4x5 HAND CAMERA

Price, each, \$7.50.

This is a full-size camera, 9x3x5 1/4 inches. It is handsomely finished in ebonized wood with polished brass trimmings, instantaneous and time shutter, finder, etc.

Any brand of dry plates can be used, and it is adapted for a tripod, or as a "detective" camera. Nothing so good has been offered at anything like the price, and we have obtained control of the entire output.

Wishing to introduce it rapidly, we make the following

### Great Combination Holiday Offer:

A "Dalmeier" 4x5 Camera, value, \$7.50, and a year's subscription to PUCK, value \$5.00,

Total, \$12.50, for only \$9.75.

Either one will make a splendid Holiday Gift.

### Our New Mail Order Catalogue.

Our mail order business in Sportmen's and Tourist supplies is the largest in the country, and we issue a most desirable catalogue covering these and kindred lines, that we will send you free. Each catalogue contains 1000 pictures and over 4000 net quotations of Sportmen's supplies of every sort.

We offer to send you this book and pay the postage on it, so sure are we that we can keep your trade on the merits of low prices, prompt service, and your money back if you want it. Send for the book to-day. It's well worth having.

HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON,  
20 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

DO YOU THINK  
WHEN YOU DRINK?  
BUY THE BEST  
Mount Vernon Pure Rye.

SQUARE BOTTLES (DISTILLERY BOTTLING) ONLY GENUINE.

Patent Covers for Filling PUCK, 75 Cts.

By Mail, 90c. Address, H. WIMMEL, PUCK Build'g, N. Y.

THE STANDARD PRICE.

## Columbia \$100 Bicycles.

THE STANDARD BICYCLE.

UNEQUALLED. UNAPPROACHED.

1895 Columbias are described and pictured in the daintiest, most beautiful Catalogue ever issued. You need it.

Free from any agent, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

### POPE MFG. CO.

HARTFORD.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. PROVIDENCE. BUFFALO. CHICAGO.

You also need the 1895 Columbia Desk Calendar.  
New thoughts, new dress. Free for 10 cents in stamps.

An 1895 Columbia is the ideal Christmas gift. You can order now.



## ONLY ONE BROMO SODA

There are other Bromos—some bad, some worse—Bromo Soda kills headache, drows sleeplessness, helps digestion.

Everybody Sells it.



THROUGH THE WALK OF LIFE GOOD WEARING APPAREL ADDS A GREAT DEAL TO ONE'S APPEARANCE AND BEARING. THE POPULAR OVERCOAT OF THE SEASON IS MADE FROM SMOOTH KERSEYS AND MELTONS. VELVET COLLARS, EDGES RAW, AND 3-8" LAPPED SEAMS. LENGTH ABOUT FIVE INCHES BELOW KNEE.

**SPECIAL OVERCOAT SALE.** THE VERY BEST QUALITIES OF BROOKS' NORWALK AND GLOBE KERSEYS AND MELTONS, IN ALL COLORINGS AND MIXTURES.

**OVERCOAT** (To Measure) \$20, LINED THROUGHOUT WITH SILK, SATIN, OR HALF SILK AND HALF CASSIMERE. THESE GARMENTS POSITIVELY LOOK AND WEAR AS WELL AS OVERCOATS COSTING THREE OR FOUR TIMES THE PRICE WE ASK. WE GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT. YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY. SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW AND MEASURING GUIDE MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

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ANNETTE. — Tom told me he loved me.  
BESS. — Did you offer him any encouragement?  
ANNETTE. — Yes; I told him I could n't help it.

TOMMY (discontentedly). — My presents were just what I wanted; but —  
AUNT MARY. — But what, child?  
TOMMY (more discontentedly). — Oh, they were just what I expected!

BREAD MAY be the staff of life, but a saddle of mutton makes the journey easier.

Sick stomach from holiday stuffing Promptly relieved by Bromo-Seltzer.

## YALE Mixture

The Gentleman's Smoke

Wherever he may be. We are satisfied if you try it. you will be satisfied if you do.

A 2 oz. trial package sent post-paid for 25c.

MARBURG BROS.  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. Successor:  
BALTIMORE, Md.



### THE ONLY EXPLANATION.

"Mrs. Kilduff must have been taken ill very suddenly," said one saleswoman in a dry goods store to another.  
"Why, I certainly saw her in the store yesterday!"  
"Yes; that's why I think she must now be very sick. I sold her a dress pattern, and she has n't been back yet to get it exchanged."

COOK'S IMPERIAL. World's Fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."

Sick headache promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer. Trial bottle 10c.

Fred'k H. Levey Co's

## Inks

Are used entirely

## on Puck

## LADIES

THE GREAT AMERICAN  
TEA  
COMPANY

Get your Xmas Gifts.  
HOW ARE YOUR  
CHINA CLOSETS?

Are the old dishes chipped and cracked, and unsuited to setting off a spotless tablecloth. We will replenish it FREE. Why drink poor tea and coffee and ruin your health? when you can get the best at cargo prices. PREMIUMS for all. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Banquet and Hanging Lamps, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books, Watch Clocks, Chenille Table Covers, Cups and Saucers, Plates, Knives and Forks, Tumblers, Goblets, given to Club Agents. GOOD INCOMES made by getting orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and Spices, 3 1/2 lbs. fine teas by mail or express for \$5.00. Charges paid.

Beautiful Parcel, entitled "Baby's First Christmas" (size, 16x28 inches) FREE to all Patrons. For full particulars, prices, terms and Premium lists, address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, P. O. Box 229, 31 & 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.



DON'T PAY A CENT UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Our latest imported stone puzzles diamond experts. You cannot detect from the genuine. To introduce this new stone we will send for 30 days this ring by express C. O. D. for \$1.65. You examine, if not equal in appearance to a \$40.00 ring don't take it. If satisfactory pay the agent \$1.65. Order quick. Send measure. Cash With Order Have All Charges.

NATIONAL JEWELRY CO., 1737 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.

TIME is money, but when it is too long drawn out, a yawn stops the interest on it.

CURRENT COMMENTS—A Tide Table.

NO WONDER that umbrellas are frail; they are so often under the weather.

SO LONG as false pretences are looked down upon, blessings in disguise will receive scant welcome.

As a sure specific against all troubles of the stomach, and also as an appetizer, and for the preparation of the refined drinks of the bar, nothing is superior to BOKER'S BITTERS. Renowned since 1828.

## A Christmas Suggestion:

# KODAKS

\$6.00 to \$100.00.

KODAKS from \$6.00 to \$10.00 for the children, so simple that any boy or girl can handle them, yet capable of making first-class pictures.

KODAKS AND KODETS from \$12.00 to \$50.00 for grown people. All sizes and styles.

KODAKS from \$60.00 to \$100.00 with double swing back, interchangeable lenses, iris diaphragm shutters and the thousand and one improvements that enthusiasts value so highly.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Send for Catalogue.

Rochester, N. Y.

## CHARMING HOLIDAY NOVELTY. ADORN YOUR HOME

WITH OUR ARTISTIC

## Diaphanics

GLASS PICTURES for hanging in or decorating entire

WINDOWS, DOOR PANELS, TRANSOMS, Etc.



EXQUISITE COLORING.  
WONDERFUL TRANSPARENT EFFECTS.  
RARE VARIETY OF DESIGNS.

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GRIMME & HEMPEL, 310 Broadway, New York.

WOMAN MAY not succeed in driving a nail, but she is great on driving a bargain.

## Arnold Constable & Co.

PARIS COSTUMES,  
TAILOR-MADE SUITS,  
Reception and Evening Dresses,  
Riding Habits.

Jackets, Capes and Cloaks,  
Furs and Fur Trimmings.

Broadway & 19th St.  
NEW YORK.

### A STANDARD OF COMPARISON.

FRIEND. — What kind of a time did you have at that racket?  
DENTIST. — First class! It was like drawing teeth.



THE CELEBRATED

# SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

## S-O-H-M-E-R.

AN AVERAGE MAN—The Statistician.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE keeper, who has unwisely given credit, does n't believe that charity begins at home.

It is better to be right than to be President, but it does n't bring the same salary. — Another proof that poverty is a virtue.



"A CONTROLLING INTEREST"—Love.

THE DEFAULTER who cooks his accounts beats a French chef for getting up expensive dishes.

EIGHT QUARTS of beer make a peck of trouble.

NERVOUS headaches from holiday shopping Quickly cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

### BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS

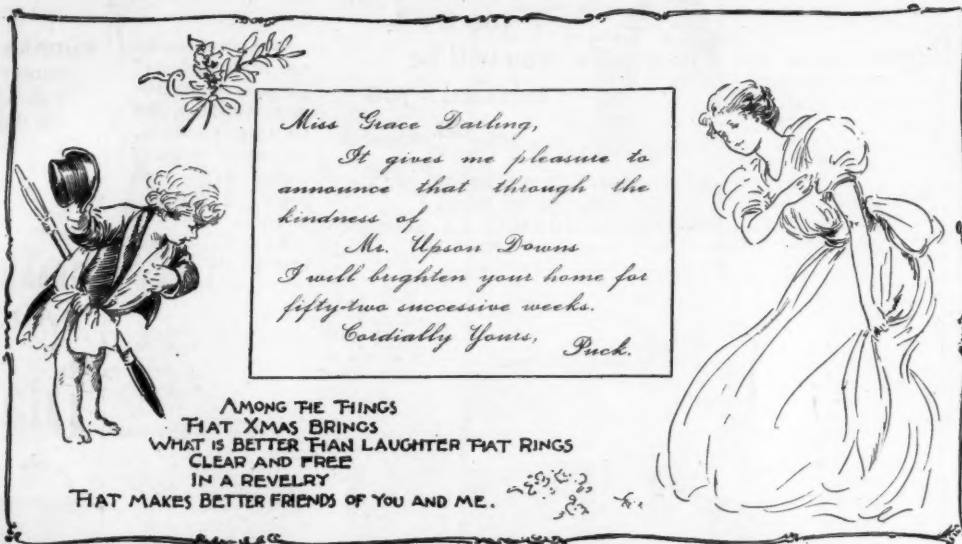
—THE—  
Finest Dressing and Best Tonic  
FOR THE HAIR.

It stimulates and produces a vigorous growth; cleanses the scalp and prevents dandruff, and gives that appearance of softness, abundance and beauty so much desired.

All druggists or by mail 50 cents, 44 Stone St., N. Y.



Always feel like doing good at this time of the year, don't you? We thought so. Everybody does. You feel that you would like to be one of these philanthropists with long side-whiskers and a benevolent smile and a high hat, who send barrels of flour and tons of coal to poor widows and turkeys to orphan asylums, and — What's that? — You want to do the "good cheer" act on a smaller scale — one that won't mortgage your salary for three months to come? Well, then, what's the matter with cheering the lives of those you love or expect to love, or want to make love you, by sending them a year's subscription to Puck? It's cheap and a sure winner. It will gain you the confidence of your rich maiden aunt, the respect and esteem of your old bond clipping uncle, and the tender regard of the glorious creature who engages all your



spare thought, and who has, perhaps, been staving you off. Each one of these people will be reminded of you in a pleasing and effective manner 52 times during the year —

and you will become widely known as a person of exquisite taste. You can do the thing in a neat and simple way, by sending us your fiver, together with the name of the one you wish to delight. His or her name, and your own, will be printed (not written) in the proper spaces on a beautifully colored Christmas Card, of which this is but a black-and-white copy, and the same will be duly mailed to the lucky recipient of your

favor, without extra charge. Can you think of a more suitable Christmas gift? Of course you can't; — not in 1000 years. Puck one year **\$5.00.** and the card,

### THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.

Rheims, Steuben Co., N. Y.

This is the Finest Champagne produced in America, and compares favorably with European Vintages.

A Natural Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from Selected grapes, and are Pure Wines.

For prices, address

D. BAUDER, Secretary.



and send it to us with your name and address and we will send this beautiful watch to you by express. You examine it at the express office and if you think it a bargain and the finest watch you ever saw for the money pay the express agent our special sample price, \$2.50, and it is yours. This offer is for 60 days only. Write to-day: THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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